

هَذَا مِنْ الشَّعْلِ

Re-reading the Thirties

By Marigold Johnson

BERNARD BERGONZI:
The Roman Persuasion
192pp. Weidenfeld. £6.95.
0 297 77927 3

Passionate interest can still be aroused in the House of Commons, it is said, by mention of the Spanish Civil War. Doubtless a vicarious nostalgia is largely responsible—those were the days, after all, when political ideals led not just to the picket line but to the battlefield, when war meant a few thousand volunteers marching with rifles, and when lines from fighting poets made the front page. But nearly two-thirds of the British who fought were wounded or killed and the ideals were not all on one side. The grim events, so fully and variously documented at the time by superb writers—and by camera, paint, and pencil—have tended to deter novelists since (the notable exceptions are Hemingway and Malraux).

Did Bernard Bergonzi—a small boy in the mid-1930s, but now an academic authority on the period—decide that his first venture into fiction should aim to fill that literary lacuna? *The Roman Persuasion* is clearly the fruit of much thought; it is in line with a fictional tradition going back at least to Thackeray, who was, in Henry Esmond, re-interpreting history, and who lent authenticity by bringing Steele Onslow before the Marlborough battles. Here we have Hilaire Belloc (offstage) sending "a case or two of wine at Christmas", and "a man called William Joyce" offering an article to the Catholic magazine which figures prominently in the novel. We also have a detailed account, by a fictitious ex-IRA volunteer called O'Toole, of the disastrous exploits of the Irish Brigade under its former Blueshirt General O'Duffy, whose *Crusade in Spain* (1938) gives a rather different version. Auden's lines on "the dangerous flood of history" provide an epigraph to the book.

But it is clear that the war is not Bernard Bergonzi's only preoccupation; nor is he writing fashionable "faction" about the Thirties, Belloc-style. He is, indeed, notably unfashionable in narrowing his focus to a small circle of English Catholics, who sided strongly with the Nationalist cause, and his interest in them is political and academic, not merely documentary.

Wilfrid Cartwright, tweedy and gentle with his fall white moustache and Lancashire vowels, lives comfortably on the edge of the Sussex Downs, looked after, since his beloved wife's death, by three unmarried daughters. Dominica is a nunlike war widow, Helen a civil servant, Claire a teacher—and sometimes "Pa" has to silence their childish arguments, despite their Oxford degrees and effusive "Darlings". Their late mother, well-known as a poet of the Alice Meynell era, had discovered the shy talent of young Wilfrid on a visit to the Literary and Debating Society of the Parish of the Precious Blood in Preston, and together they had run a scholarly Catholic quarterly, the *English and Overseas Review*. Their exclusive, though materially modest, circle includes a visiting priest—Father Giles from the Oratory, who, we are more than once reminded, is the son of a peer and whose sister "fell in with married Wilfrid's nephew Martin Tollymore".

Martin, with his ready-made black suit from Turin worn for Sussex "Sunday dinner", his cigars, and his European ideas, appears more than Belloc's appearance and will clearly come to no good: "You can't exclude politics if you're thinking about a just social order," he says firmly, and tells Wilfrid that Continental Liberals, along with other socialists, are condemned by the Pope, despised within the Church; Martin renames the *Journal Rex Latine* and applauds fascist contributions, listing his pretty, jazz-loving Nell to a poet soon to die in Spain; Wilfrid's only son Crispin writes graphically of the *regimes* in their red berets and quotes bloodthirsty Carlist songs; for him, all atrocities are perpetrated by Reds; "the parish priest was crucified in front of his flock, and in another place burnt alive". But Father Giles, provoked from publishing progressive views, opts for missionary exile, and the Cartwrights shake his misgivings.

Martin too goes to Spain, but not to fight. He interviews the Generalissimo, hears the truth about the bombing of Guernica, and meets a smooth German Catholic aristocrat who outlines the true future of Europe under a revived Holy Roman Empire; he is persuaded that here is *Romanitas*.

This "Path to Rome" is presented with

dispassionate logic—where else could the totalitarian Faith lead after Spain? To be fair, we are also shown the English alternative, of Wilfrid uneasily feasting on Friday off prawns and turbot (with white wine and green butter) in the company of a *bon vivant* Monsignor, the two agreeing that Father Faber's efforts to Italianize the English Catholics "merely failed", and that Signor Mypocritini is vulgarizing the Eternal City; hypocritical and snobbish maybe, but their political credentials pass muster.

If Bernard Bergonzi's aim was to expose the influence of the Church on a generation, he is fair and most informative, although keen students might care to look too at literature of the period—the poetry of Blunden, the fictions of Maurice Baring or Evelyn Waugh, the lives of Belloc and Chesterton, the *Tablet* and the *Dublin Review*: here is the authentic Catholic establishment voice, and it never apologizes for its political views. *The Roman Persuasion* is, however, somehow too cerebral to work simply as a novel, even of ideas. This partly because the idealists—Dominica, Crispin, Father Giles—remain sketchy figures, types rather than individuals. Perhaps it is inescapable, in a novel so carefully based on the period, to find oneself nervously clue-spotting, with points scored for identifying actual or literary

look-alikes. Who is the flamboyantly drunken poet "Caspar Mary MacCorquodale", whose verses on Spain appear in the *Tablet* before he is given a martyr's requiem at Westminster Cathedral? How close are the echoes, in magazine politics, of the *Adelphi*, or of *Point Counter Point*? Which Sussex household provides the model for Wilfrid and Susan Cartwright?

Despite the intriguing intellectual exercise, there is an unease, especially apparent in the domestic dialogue, about Bernard Bergonzi's efforts to bring these curious and so nearly recognizable characters to life. Even in the most devout Catholic households, theological debating points were not scored at every meal-time; surely Martin is too sophisticated to refer to his father-in-law as "his Lordship"; and Professors of Eng Lit should avoid setting the seduction scene on a "wine-dark" sofa.

It is a compliment to suggest that at its descriptive best—in Preston, and travelling to the battlefield in Spain—this novel is as good an evocative record as the Olivia Manning Balkan trilogy about a later war; the difference, of course, is that in one case the author was there. It might be good to hear what becomes of Martin Tollymore among his country's enemies, although there appears no hint that this could be the first volume of a trilogy.

Exploring Eleanor

By Jennifer Uglow

JUDITH CHERNAK:
The Daughter
216pp. London Magazine Editions. £5.50.
0 06 010757 X

At the beginning and end of *The Daughter* Judith Chernak touches on the way the relationship of Eleanor Marx and Edward Avelling lends itself to literary treatment. It is an enigma which demands unravelling, a melodrama worthy of "Alex Nelson's" pen, a metaphor for moral, political and sexual confrontations. Even close associates saw it in this way: in *One Way of Love* Dolly Radford turned Eleanor into a doomed romantic heroine, while Shaw used Avelling as a model for the unprincipled Louis Dubedat in *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Judith Chernak deliberately reminds us that her Eleanor too is an artificial construction. The book's continual play with form and parody creates a tension between the "free" narrator and the cornered, passionate heroine pinned down like a specimen for emotional dissection.

In searching out the "truth" of Eleanor's suicide the novel is, in part, a detective story. It opens, appropriately, with the drama of the inquest, complete with Shavian scene setting, stage directions and audience response:

Dollie Radford: "Murderer!"
Clementine Black: "We must insist on an investigation."
Olive Schreiner: "She's better off dead."

This witty placing of the friends to whom Eleanor turned in vain during her life is typical of Chernak's wry, thoughtful, presentism.

The stylistic variety of *The Daughter* enhances the effect of an investigation which moves from the public arena (speeches, lectures, statistics) through Eleanor's circle of friends (letters, dialogue, parlor games) and into the inner space of memory and dream. The skilful use of white suggests the author's own historical fiction, whether the subject be Avelling's lectures on "the new science of materialism, utilitarian and love" or a meeting between Engels and Eleanor, where "in the foreground, the charming turned and avivies of the Zoological Gardens might suggest to a thoughtful observer the English genius for domesticating the wild, for taming and neutralizing passion, for pacifying the oppressed by offering the illusion of freedom . . .". The range of styles implies that there is no single truth about Eleanor, merely different kinds of rhetoric for describing her.

Judith Chernak does, however, choose one version. Her interest is in Eleanor Marx not as mover of historical forces but as their victim, not as inspired public speaker and tireless committee worker, but as "Tussy", "the daughter": "My father had the most powerful mothering impulse

of anyone I have known. With us he was possessive, protective, helpless to deny us his time, his heart's blood, his life." It is his search to regain this childhood security which leads Eleanor to invest so much in her union with the self-regarding Avelling. Growing in resonance throughout the novel is the similarity between Marx and Avelling, which Eleanor senses in the blending of faces in her dreams. The resemblance is confirmed by the revelation that Marx fathered and then agreed to banish the child of the family servant, Helen, which shows that the two men are united in their egotistical contempt for the feelings of women.

Behind Tussy's paralysis ("Impossible to choose, impossible to renounce") lies a complex of deeply pessimistic ideas. Here, despite the vocabulary of the 1880s, it becomes hard to distinguish the viewpoint of author and heroine. To what extent can Tussy's choice be free when the analysis shows her to be determined just as rigidly by her emotional life as her theories of dialectical materialism or evolution convince her she is in her societal and physical being? She comes to see all relationships, whether sexual, political or evolutionary, as governed not by content but by "necessity": "The weak gave themselves up to the protection of the strong and the strong used the weak to extend their power and domain". The physical and economic strength of men ensures a perpetual imbalance of power, but the problem lies deeper still. All Tussy's friends (except Shaw and Clementine Black, who opt out of the struggle) define their identity in terms of their personal and sexual relationships. Thus their intellectual radicalism is constantly undermined by the exhausting intensity of their emotional lives. In a crowning irony the revolutionary heroine takes as her model the bourgeois Emma Bovary, whose story she has translated: "*Alors, une situation, tel qu'un abîme, se représentait*".

Tussy's friends are not devoid of vitality—indeed Chernak achieves the near impossible task of rendering Olive Schreiner vaguely human—but there is increasing emphasis on their representative status, and the book acquires the air of a modernist morality play. "The Daughter's Dilemma"? Dolly and Emma Radford display a liberal individualism, Havelock Ellis declares that "the next century will see sexuality restored to its central place in human experience", Schreiner proclaims the "New Sisterhood", Clementine Black calls for political pragmatism, Engels, Morris, Shaw purvey different brands of social prophecy. At times the dialogue has the tone of a primer in sexual politics and socialism; and it is difficult to forget the bulky biographies and to ignore the tricks played with sources. But the presentation of an enigma makes this an extraordinarily interesting novel. By virtue of her imaginative simplicity and formal virtuosity, Judith Chernak succeeds to a remarkable degree in shaping a story lives into suggestive oppositions and exemplars.

Riverboat shuffle

By Holly Eley

ANN SCHLEE:
Rhine Journey
165pp. Macmillan. £5.95.
0 353 28320 1

On the face of it, Ann Schlee's *Rhine Journey* is a brief period diversion, an account of the last few days of a middle class English family's *petit tour* by paddle steamer down the Rhine during the summer of 1851. Because the style is agreeably mannered and the characters remind us of characters from novels actually written in the 1850s (in particular *Villene*), it is easy to accept *Rhine Journey* as a light, historically accurate travelogue with a hint of mystery thrown in. But a not immediately discernible seriousness of purpose underpins the entertainment.

The Reverend Charles Morrison is a low church prebendary whose formal, slightly comic, adherence to his religion effectively isolates him from current moral issues. His wife, Marion, is a Victorian matron of "heightened sensibility": her fine feelings, available on demand, tend to resemble clichéd chunks of *Mansfield Park*. Both are sustained by the conventions of their nationality, class and church; neither is given to introspection. They counteract moments of stress and fatigue through distractions such as the distribution of English sermons to Bavarian peasant, and ward off migraine with smelling salts. Accompanying them on their travels are their seventeen-year-old daughter Ellie (whose self-willed charm is reminiscent of Jane Austen's Emma) and her chaperone, Charlotte, Reverend Morrison's spinster sister. It is in the depiction of the menopausal Charlotte—an intelligent woman on the threshold of freedom at an unfortunate time of life—that Ann Schlee's gifts are most evident.

Two chance encounters serve as catalysts for Charlotte's belated but ultimately suc-

cessful attempt at self-determination. One is with a young Prussian officer who, struck by Ellie's unsophisticated beauty, follows the family from Coblenz to Cologne; the other with an English family man, travelling the same route, who bears an unsettling resemblance to Charlotte's unattractive suitor (rejected as a social inferior by her brother, who subsequently placed her as housekeeper to her elderly vicar).

Although the effects of travel are partly responsible for Charlotte's final act of defiance, her psychological change occurs principally as the result of uncontrollable fantasies and dreams. Miss Schlee is at her most sensitive in the understated interweaving of dream with reality, in the shadowy meetings and conversations that may or may not have taken place between Charlotte and the unattractive English traveller who may or may not be the *deus ex machina* of her ex-lover.

Subtly placed historical clues are a dominant feature of *Rhine Journey*. We are always aware of the political, social and religious realities of Rhenish Prussia during the unstable regime of Frederick Wilhelm IV. Though Marx is not mentioned, a subplot which involves the escape of political refugees is one of the devices used to harness Charlotte's awakening to the possibilities of life beyond a Home Counties village. Revolution, so much in the air at the time, makes little or no impression on the complacently controlled Morrisons but is shown to accentuate Charlotte's sense of liberation.

Our growing involvement with Charlotte's struggle to determine her own future, and our sympathy with her attempt to free Ellie from Victorian and parental constraint, are not obtained at the expense of our appreciation of the delights of nineteenth-century tourism. The real strength (and charm) of this first novel lies in Miss Schlee's commonsensical, Jane Austen-like approach to ordinary people's ordinary situations, as well as in her feeling for, and meticulous research into, period and place.

Out of court

By Savkar Altinel

JEROME WELDMAN:
Counselors-at-Law
401pp. Bodley Head. £6.50.
0 370 30378 4

"So far as the general public was concerned", begins a chapter in *Counselors-at-Law*, "Isham Trullit could have been the name of a baseball player or a British novelist". The truth, however, is that it is a prestigious New York law firm, so prestigious in fact that its senior partners can charge \$500 an hour for their services and still clock up 1000 billable hours every year. Furthermore, there are payments in kind from some clients. The TCH, or "Isham Trullit Coffee Hut", in the firm's offices at 635 Madison Avenue, is equipped with automats dispensing free Cola One ("The One Calorie per Bottle Soft Drink") and Chomp ("The No Calorie Candy Bar") supplied by a grateful Franchise Foods, Inc.

Not all the clients, though, are paying ones. A certain amount of legal assistance is available free of charge to the needy, and it is while he is on such a "pro bono" assignment in Alabama that a young Isham Trullit associate named Tom Lichline runs into trouble. His task is to prepare an appeal for a fifteen-year-old black boy who has been sentenced to death for murder, but the unorthodox tactics he employs cause a row and he has to return to New York. Shortly afterwards he himself is accused of murder and the State of Alabama starts extradition proceedings against him.

Lichline's employers seem strangely reluctant to help their man. The lawyers they provide quit one after another and the case drags on till the truth finally comes to light. The problem, apparently, is that the interests of the now-paying client, Lichline, had been bent to defend have come into conflict with those of a paying one, a certain David Rillmore, who is being considered for nothing less than the Vice-Presidency of the United States and is therefore most anxious that his questions

be business dealings in the South should not be made public.

It is possible to raise a number of questions about all this. Would a fifteen-year-old boy, for instance, really be in danger of being executed, even in Alabama? And why, in a book set firmly in August 1978, was there a search for a Vice-President who one was in fact in office at the time? Either no dates should have been given or an attempt should have been made to preserve a measure of historical accuracy.

Such difficulties aside, there is the question of what we are supposed to make of the story we are told. Despite its title, *Counselors-at-Law* takes in much more than just the legal profession. Among its characters are financiers, show business people and politicians, and, without a single exception, all the rich and powerful individuals it depicts are greedy and dishonest. Corruption exists in the most unlikely places, and even Lichline turns out to have been acting out of selfish motives. The author's aim thus seems to be to condemn an inhuman society pursuing petty goals while some "Little Joe" in Alabama is left to face the consequences.

Unfortunately there are too many shifts of tone and attitude in the book for this message to emerge with anything like clarity. Weldman cannot extend to contemporary America the savage scorn with which Dickens viewed Victorian England: the sheer variety of his intentions defeats him. *Counselors-at-Law* is an adventure story, a courtroom drama; a sensational blockbuster and a serious novel, and it demands all the various moral and emotional responses appropriate to these different genres. As a result, though it is no *Blind House*, it is at times as confusing as Jarndyce and Jarndyce.

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Lightly laconic

By Stephen Fender

EUGENE O'NEILL:
Poems 1912-1944
Edited by Donald Gallup
119pp. Cape. £4.50.
0 224 01870 1

Eugene O'Neill wrote poems before he wrote plays, but not many, and those mainly limited—not only to certain periods of his life, but also in range and (to be frank) in interest. Donald Gallup, curator of the American literature collection at Yale, has collected all seventy-two of them, from the earliest light verse published in the *New London* (Connecticut) *Telegraph* to the more private poems sequestered so long by his third wife, Carlotta. The editing is immaculate, as one would expect from this most expert of scholar-librarians. The place, date of composition and, where relevant, the publishing history are given at the foot of each piece. Topical allusions are explained and parodic models supplied. Otherwise, apart from a brief introduction, the poems are left to speak for themselves.

What do they say? Not a lot. The journalistic pieces, which O'Neill called "laconics", are imitations or parodies of Kipling, Longfellow, Rossetti's version of Villon's "Ballade des dames du temps jadis" (like one about "Where are the snows of yesterday?"), John Masefield and James Whitcomb Riley. The joking application of "serious" formulae to current events or other ephemera was an old staple of American newspaper humour, and the *Oxford Book of American Light Verse* supplies dozens of examples in the vein of O'Neill's twist on *Huawala*:

O the bustling and the conning!
These three golden days of summer,
When the Waterways Convention
Came at last to Old New London.
Chilifrairs from far distant regions
Come to test our festal welcome,
Came and spoke, and then departed.
Spoke of what they knew, and often—
Wadly spoke of that they knew not.

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In rancorous retreat

By Robert Bernard Martin

RICHARD HAUSER COSTA:
Edmund Wilson
Our Neighbor from Talbotville
173pp. Syracuse University Press. \$11.95.
0 8156 0163 8

Strung across the hills of "upstate" New York are Ithaca, Utica, Troy, Rome, Syracuse, Cortland, and Seneca Falls, and among many of them still with "Greek revival" houses and churches, their names reminiscent of the bright hopes for a new classical era in America at the end of the nineteenth century. Near from Utica and Rome is the village of Talbotville, and to this handsome old stone family house their father's mother had left to him, Edmund Wilson returned in the summers of the last two decades of his life in belated search of his origins, as if leaving the capital for his Sabine farm. During that time he felt the deepening disquiet with his own country that led to such half-impromptu and ineffective "outbursts" as *The Cold War*, and the *Homecoming* of *The Prince of the M.A.*

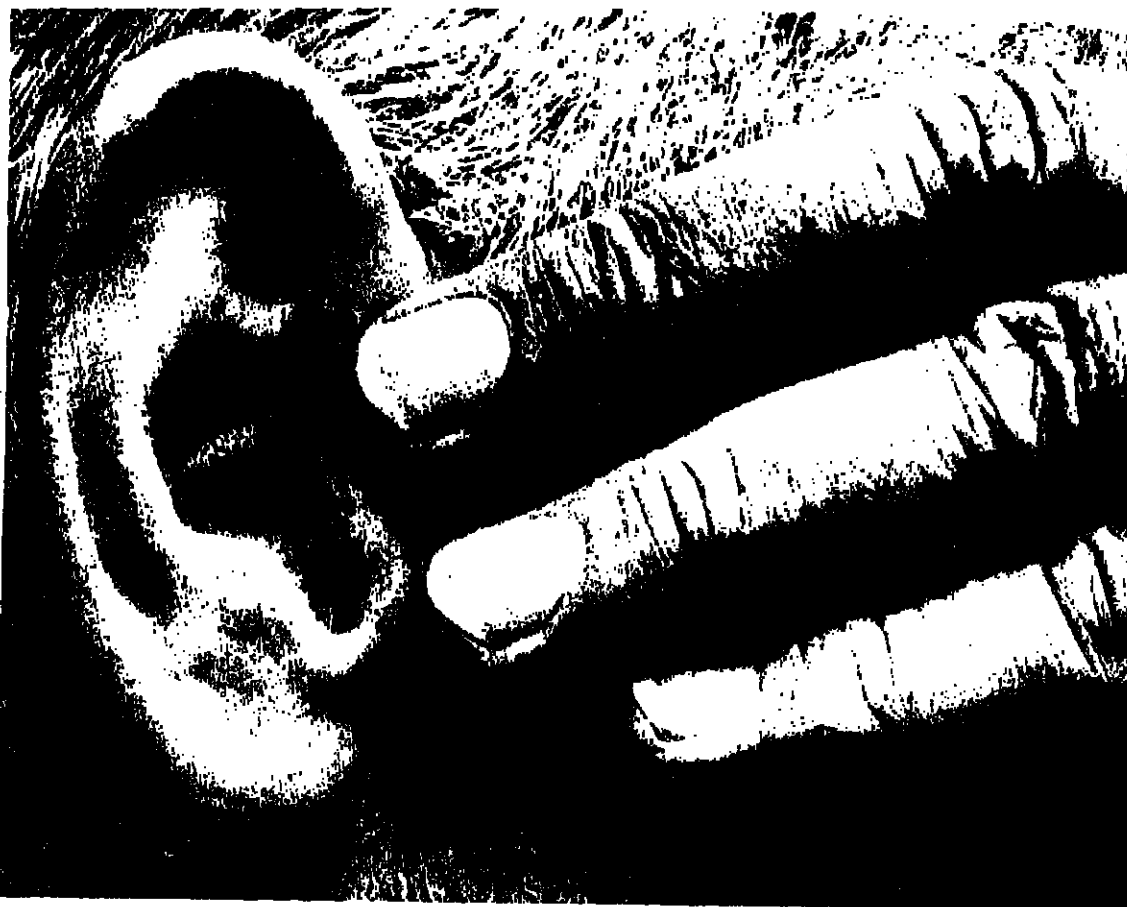
Like Matthew Arnold a century earlier, Wilson had spent much of his life trying to correct the innate literary provincialism of his countrymen, paradoxically he was now turning deeper into the American literature of the past. New York, reminding his relatives of the deteriorated American dream and looking for his roots, to himself of

the old house and his family traditions.

Richard Costa was a middle-aged journalist, recently turned to teaching, when he first met Wilson in 1963. He was planning a book about H. G. Wells and wanted quotations from Wilson to use in it. A year before, Wilson had declined to see him, but on this occasion he accompanied a reporter friend who had permission to interview him. This book is the record of the meetings and correspondence of Wilson and Costa until the former's death nine years later.

It was never an intimate friendship, as Costa is frank to admit, but from the first he apparently intended to make a book of it, since after each meeting with Wilson he would carefully set down everything he could remember. "I took no notes in Wilson's presence," he writes, "and would never have suggested the affront of a recording device", but on one occasion when Wilson thought he was talking privately to Costa's students, there was a shorthand reporter planted to take down every word, while a photographer surreptitiously snapped pictures.

It must have been in many ways a frustrating relationship for Costa, since he states that he has no feeling whatsoever for either genealogy or architecture, the two central concerns that had brought Wilson to Talbotville. And, in spite of his teaching in English departments, Costa's literary tastes, Masefield and Malincoln Lowry, none of whom raised a similar response in Wilson. Costa recalls how on several occasions his own wandering attention was caught again until Wilson stopped talking of



"Hand and Ear" (1928) by the American Photographer Bren Weston, is taken from *Photography: Essays and Images*, (328pp. Selter and Warburg. £17.95, paperback £7.95). This collection of "Illustrated Readings in the History of Photography", edited by Beaumont Newhall, was published this week and will be reviewed in a forthcoming issue of the TLS.

'Yes, Doctor, I lie awake
There is no sleep
I suffer torments
'Here's a prescription,
A harmless barbiturate.
Your trouble is common enough:
It's the war.
Everyone has the jitters.'
Exit, bearing pills.

The reason why this is more satisfactory than any of the earlier verse is that here O'Neill has at last allowed his dialectical skills as a dramatist to invade the special territory of the poetry. The doctor's witless qualifications the patient's self-pity, and both are caught up in a public context that makes light of their troubles. Or does work well enough in the play, where it has to contend with history of almost equal force from Tyrone, Mary and even Edmund. Without this peculiarly Irish balancing of opposites, however, the mood of the early poems looms as callow, unvaried and (worst of all) exemplary. Everyone has heard of shallow optimism. Pessimism too can be unlearned, unjustified by experience.

books and reverted to gossip about writers. The result is a disconcerting picture of Wilson, as if his head were turned away from the camera and his mind elsewhere. We get a good bit about the women's canvases about which he wore on walks, the Scotch he drank too freely, detailed menus of meals he never got around to eating, and offhand remarks about other writers, but little of the mind of the man who was often called America's last man of letters.

At best Wilson was not extravagantly generous about his contemporaries, but some of the remarks preserved here make him seem more waspish than he was, since they were never intended to go beyond the room in which they were spoken. Costa tells how Wilson asked him never to quote what he had said to Anthony West, but he does so in the next sentence. Other ill-considered remarks about living authors, not very revealing but still capable of wounding, are quoted without adding to our estimation of Wilson.

This is a sad little book, perhaps even sadder than it is. It is a pity that the picture of an increasingly embittered Wilson alone in the house of his maternal forebears, his children and the wife of his last marriage preferred not to visit, leaving him isolated as only those who live in rural America and did not drive can be. He was dependent upon companions who did not share his interests, in exchange for the privilege of hearing his pronouncements, he would risk for life in their care when he left the country for Utica or Rome. But in the wrong Rome, and in Talbotville he had never found the Horatian haven he sought in his Sabine retreat.

As we would say

By E. S. Turner

NORMAN W. SCHUR:
English English
332pp. Essex, Connecticut: Verbatim.
\$24.95.
0 930454 05 7

This guide for the use of Americans is an extended version of an earlier book, *British Self-Taught*, which American reviewers described as top-hole, smashing, clinking and likely to have a good innings. The work of an "avocational lexicographer" who formerly practised law, it is informative, discursive, idiosyncratic, amused and amusing; but it ought to be labelled "Use With Great Care".

As a lawyer Norman Schur had to deal with authors who bridled at the anglicizing of their work for the British market, as by the substitution of stone for rock, parcel for package. Publishers' contracts, he says, call for the American author's consent to this process, "and it works the other way round as well". British authors are liable to find their American presentation copies sprinkled with faucets, closets, sneakers and taffy.

It is in the interest of wage, and perhaps of lexicography, to pretend that the British and the Americans are sundered by a common language. During the Second World War, this book reminds us, an Anglo-American misunderstanding at high level over a single word resulted in "long and acrimonious argument" (Churchill's phrase). The Americans held that to table meant to defer consideration, the British that it meant to bring up for immediate discussion. There are well-known pitfalls in the computing of millions and the method of counting storeys in a building; and a glossary is indispensable when we come to the names of motor-car parts. However, in ordinary daily exchanges honest bafflement is rare.

"In general," says Mr Schur, "it appears that American expressions are easier for Britons than the other way round". How, he asks, is an untutored American to know that a gram is a baby carriage? (Carry-out is easier.) One could retort: how is an untutored Englishman to know that a tuxedo is a dinner jacket? But an American would need to be as dim as a Tox II lamp (a British expression meaning thick-headed, now "on the way out") to suppose that a first-class family butcher-caterer only for first-class families, though it makes a serviceable party joke.

It is just as hard to believe that "Britons are shocked to see the sign NO HONKING as a warning to motorists on New York streets" (supposedly, they associate

honking with vomiting, or in America, throwing up). Even more strangely, Mr Schur claims that an invitation to do the dishes, meaning to wash up, "would confuse a Briton no end". This is because Mr Schur regards dishes as serving plates for which reason he would not make tea a dishwasher (American) was a washing machine. What, then, does a dishwasher mean to a Briton? The answer, apparently is a water wastrel.

Mr Schur has been moving in odd circles. He tells us that thermos lances is English for blowtorch; that while the Americans say undertaker (or, euphemistically, mortician) the British say funeral director (the British, of course, reluctantly changed undertaker for funeral director); and that while the Americans refer to an 800th anniversary the British call it an octocentenary (this clumsy word is in our dictionaries, but so is octocentenary, which *English English* does not mention).

Mr Schur is careful to point out that not all his usages are current; some are for the benefit of Americans reading the English literature of yesterday. "I would rather not mislead you by inclusion than the felony of omission", he says. The difficulty for the user may be to know whether an expression is current, passed or obsolete, since such guidance is not always given. "Nix" (as our dictionaries confirm) is a cry heard in British factories when the boss is approaching, but when was it last about by the lads at British Leyland? And when did the last Lancashire lass say "I'm slated" as an admission that her petticoat was showing? (A slate has slipped down out of place—get it?)

However, one is grateful for the information that the word sewer to describe an obnoxious person comes from the Hibernian, for pig. So that is where Uncle Matthew got hold of an expression one had always thought of as a Nancy Mitford invention.

As an anglophile Mr Schur is keen to explain all about institutions like pubs and fish and chips, but he should know that fish has long been illegal to wrap fried fish directly in newspaper. He is not uncritical. For example, he wonders, as well he might, why we call public relations men public relations officers. He is rightly shocked by our use of the word redundancy, with its "unfortunate imagery of superfluity". And sometimes he notes British habits which the British themselves may scarcely have observed, like the way a shopper tops up her customer's purchases with a slight movement of the lips and then turns to you brightly and announces the result with eyes opened wide and a rising intonation, as though indicating surprise and apology for the unpleasant tidings. This is good observation. To use an expression not often heard in Britain's Attaboy!

The anguish of modernity

By Patrick McCarthy

PAUL MORAND:
Chronique du XX^e siècle
L'Europe glorieuse, Boudha vivant,
Maguelone, Les Champions du Monde
466pp. Paris: Grasset.
2 246 25331 4.
JEAN-FRANÇOIS FOGEL:
Morand-Express
251pp. Paris: Grasset.
2 246 25351 9.

Paul Morand's writing is a part now of the early 1920s. His name evokes Bugatti cars, Paris jazz-club, Victorian gentlemen ageing gracefully in London clubs, American flappers, bankrupt German businessmen and, for a final dose of exoticism, the first snows of revolutionary Russia. The heroines of his early stories flit from capital to capital and make passionate love in luxury hotels. They seem to have turned out badly but that does not matter because, as one of them says, Europe itself has turned out badly.

Morand did not invent the theme that modern sensibility is mobile and fragmented, he inherited it from a writer whom he admired—Valéry Larbaud. In the years before 1914 Larbaud wrote mock-heroic poems about the Orient Express, came to England to buy hats at Lock's and lyricized about Edwardian opulence in the ironic refrain: "Tomorrow, oh my soul, all the shops will be open". The experience that recurs in Larbaud's *Journal de Barnabooth* is the moment before the luxury train arrives in London or Paris. The joy of anti-climax is so intense that it turns into pain and, since neither Bond Street nor the rue de la Paix can appease his anguish, Barnabooth sets off for Rome or Madrid. The search for what was new and fleeting led Larbaud to write about adolescence, and to create in *Les Enfants précaucieux* teenage heroines who run the gamut of erotic fantasies.

Although he was only seven years younger than Larbaud, Morand looked back at the enchanted world which had been destroyed in 1914. What remained for him, he felt, was the anguish of modernity without the joy. *Chronique du XX^e siècle* reprints four of his earlier books, one of which, *L'Europe glorieuse* (1925), is a series of sketches about modern love. Three women describe the men they love; these men seem to have nothing in common yet they turn out in the end to be the same man. Again, a man who is in love with a woman seduces another woman who resembles her. Morand's characters invent love-objects quite different from the people whom they supposedly love. Experience crumbles, his characters start looking for fresh loves which invariably turn out to be mirages and the heady passions of *Les Enfants précaucieux* are replaced by emptiness.

The fading of a dream is also the subject of his *Champions du monde* (1930). In 1909 four young Americans are leaving university. Since they are athletic, handsome and talented, the world promises them much. Twenty years later one has been driven to suicide, another is a bored dilettante, the third an exhausted, portulante diplomat and the fourth has fled to the Soviet Union where he is, we are to hope, living happily ever after. All of them have been ruled by American women, before whom Morand feels a trembling awe. The dilettante, Van Norden, lives out a silent, expatriate life dominated by his mother.

In *Morand-Express* Jean-François Fogel tells us that Morand is always in flight, scurrying from country to country and from woman to woman. So elusive is he that Fogel

can never catch him. Instead of writing a biography or a critical study he offers us a record of his long, fruitless pursuit of his subject. He has collected photographs of Morand, visited the many cities where he lived and chatted to his mistresses. Yet he has learnt nothing about him and the subject of his book is an abject silence, a "non-Morand".

One wonders whether a critic should so assiduously emulate his author. There may be an emptiness in Morand's writing but does that constitute a reason for Fogel to write such an empty book? Surely a critic should set up a dialogue with his author, should struggle with him. Such a critic would have noticed what Fogel ignores: that Morand's work is dreadfully repetitious. Innumerable cosmopolitan love stories, where only the décor varies, all prove that human beings cannot make contact. The characters are shallow because Morand is not sufficiently interested in them to take them seriously, while the plots move precariously to their gloomy conclusions. Larbaud had understood that the glittering fragment of experience should be allowed to hang in its void, and that a writer who kept lamenting the emptiness of the modern world risked becoming a bore. Although the stories of Morand's *Magie noire* (1928) juxtapose Southern plantations, Haiti and the Congo, the characters all behave in the same way. Blacks, Morand tells us, inevitably revert to the jungle! A black American doctor goes to a museum of African art and regresses into an animal. A black American woman who travels to Africa ends up as the wife of a native.

Larbaud had stressed that cultures resemble one another, but Morand is convinced that cultures are fundamentally different and that "the twentieth-century's only crime of passion will be racial wars". In *Boudha vivant* (1927) he depicts a Frenchman, Renaud, who visits the East, finds nothing from it and ends up as a chauffeur driving a Bugatti in an Asian principality. The prince who employs him is inspired by Renaud to visit the West, where he too learns nothing, tries to convert the French to Buddhism and almost dies of starvation.

Morand's cosmopolitanism led him back to a crude nationalism. He believed that France was already losing the racial war. Jazz was the weapon which the mongrel hordes were using to penetrate Europe; American saxophonists were the enemy's cavalry, and behind them came the army of foreign immigrants: Asians spreading Buddhism, refugees from Eastern Europe who were Bolshevik spies, and so on. Men with the French were embracing their conquerors as if in a suicidal frenzy: "never before had a nation just vanished under its own soil, as if through a trapdoor". His own wife, Hélène Soutzo, came from the East, as it happens: Princess Soutzo was East, Romanian, snobbish, ambitious and fascist. Morand himself came from a family which had lived for a long time in Russia and he was a career-diplomat. Despite, or because of this, he was obsessed with his vision of destruction: European life, he declared, is "a death without peace, a death which is still a struggle... It is a strangled cry, an interrupted blasphemy".

Naturally, Morand was antisemitic. In the books he wrote in the 1920s the Jew appears in his usual roles of foreigner, betrayer and insidious immigrant who was able to disguise himself as English banker, Russian revolutionary or even progressive Catholic. The Jew is both victim and executioner. One of the stories in *Ouvert la nuit* (1922)

describes a pogrom in Hungary, while in *Les Champions du monde* the Jew, Nadine, first destroys her husband and then rises to become a duchess, her husband having proclaimed that he could not be a part of American society because he was Jewish, that he had "a sick mind in a sick body" and that he carried poison with him at all times because he was fascinated by suicide.

In the preface to *Ouvert la nuit* Morand compares himself with the Jew, his fellow-cosmopolitan, a well-documented trait cosmopolitanism, who fed their own fears. Terrified by his vision of a bankrupt Europe, Morand blames it on the Jew rather than take any responsibility for it himself. Another theme common to so much French antisemitism is the fear of women, especially blonde, Aryan women. In *Boudha vivant* the prince suffers his final defeat at the hands of a New Yorker, Rosemary, a "tall beautiful Aryan angel" who is initially tempted by the East but later feels for the prince "a terror which rises up from the depths of her race". In general, Morand's heroes, who seem like triumphant Don Juans, are weak when confronted by women and their resentment of this weakness is transmuted into hatred of the Jew, which allows them to assert their equality with the Aryan goddesses who despise them.

In the 1930s Morand grew even more antisemitic. In 1934 he published *France la Douce*, a banal racist novel about Jewish refugees from Germany who take over the French film industry which displays more than a merely superficial, social antisemitism. His nostalgia for Barnabooth's Europe misled him and prevented him from understanding his own age.

He demonstrated his incomprehension by his comically stupid actions in 1940. He had always been a reluctant diplomat who had spent years on leave from the Quai d'Orsay, but in 1940 he was working in London with an Anglo-French group of civil servants overseeing the blockade of German industry. When France fell De Gaulle made his speech of June 18, Morand hesitated. The Gaullists appealed to him for support but he refused to give it. He also refused Pétain's offer to remain in London as a representative of Vichy. Morand simply deserted his post. Bewildered by the Nazi victories he decided that a defeated France was better than a blitzed London. He returned to France via neutral Portugal and remained a private citizen for the next three years. Encouraged by his appalling wife, he flaunted his pro-German sympathies and duly received his reward, in 1938 he had applied for promotion to the rank of ambassador, but the Quai d'Orsay had then refused, citing his long leaves of absence. Now Vichy made him ambassador to Romania, where his wife had both contacts and property. By the time he arrived in Bucharest in July 1943 it was obvious that the Germans were losing the war, and Morand's chief concern became to escape from Bucharest before the Red Army marched in. In the summer of 1944 he managed to get himself appointed ambassador to neutral Switzerland, a post he occupied for all of three weeks.

When De Gaulle liberated Paris, Morand sent him a telegram of congratulation and offered to remain as ambassador in Bern. But the gesture came four years too late. The Liberation authorities asked Morand, who prudently remained in Switzerland rather than return to face the purge in Paris. After several years of exile and of bitter lamentations for his ruined career he sneaked back into France, where he lived until the

ripe old age of 88, dying in 1976.

Morand also had another ambition, which was to become a member of the French Academy. In 1959 it looked as if he might be elected but by now De Gaulle was back in power. In a gloriously autocratic gesture the unforgiving General reminded the Académiciens that he was their protector and announced that he would veto Morand. The immortals howled in protest but De Gaulle paid no attention. Nine years later he relented and Morand entered the Academy. Fogel makes claims for the books which Morand wrote in the years after 1944, but he is not convincing and one feels that Morand will be remembered for two things: for early books like *Tendres Stocks* (1921), and *Ouvert la nuit* and *Fermé la nuit* (1929) and such travel books as *New York* (1929) and *London* (1933).

New York is inspired by the pan-stricken exhilaration which the city inspires in Morand; it is a book about a dream and a nightmare. He admires the aristocratic families who created the city—the Stuyvesants and the Van Cortlandts, the Vanderbilts and the Goulds. He relishes the elegant houses on Washington Square but cannot forget that the men who built them were robber barons, Protestants and captains of industry in comparison with whom a French writer feels unsure of himself. Modern New York overwhelms Morand: the skyscrapers are too high, the *NY Times* is too heavy, the Broadway lights are "epileptic" and thousands of animals have been butchered to make the fur coats which are draped around the elegant, inaccessible women of Fifth Avenue. Morand the cosmopolitan is delighted by New York but Morand the traditionalist is appalled. Sometimes his discomfort is comical: he spends hours looking for an "authentic" black jazz-club in Harlem and gulps down huge, unwanted steaks in bleak self-service restaurants.

London also frightens Morand. In 1933 the streets are full of hunger-marchers and tramps, while the newspapers issue gloomy prophecies of economic disaster, Morand

looks back to late-Victorian and Edwardian London, which he half-remembers and half-invents. When he first came here in 1903, English puritanism so impressed him that he did not dare take photographs on a Sunday because he thought it was forbidden. Yet he enjoyed the ceremony of the city. He talks of Victoria's coronation as empress of India and of her funeral, when the Smithfield butchers draped their meat in black crepe.

Morand inherited the theme of London from Larbaud; both writers declared that their favourite spot here was Chelsea—around Old Church Street, where Larbaud sets his novel *Beauté mon beau souci*. But where Larbaud was unimpressed by English men, to whom he preferred very young English girls, Morand is fascinated by public schools, cricket-fields and the London clubs where gentlemen read *The Times* in dignified silence.

Morand was frequently overwrought and it is this shyness rather than the kitsch of the early 1920s which explains why his first books are his best. *Tendres Stocks* is a portrait of three women seen by a young man who cannot understand much less possess them. They are not especially beautiful or intelligent; they are unknowable. The narrator has met Delphine, for instance, as a child, when she was haughty and snubbed him; now she is debauched and fatalistic and he cannot explain the change. Morand's quite modest originality lies in having the story told by a narrator who is himself surprised by it. In *Ouvert la nuit* the young heroes spend most of their nights alone because their lady-friends have deserted them: one has been arrested for spreading revolution, while others have run off with cyclists or black charlatans. The disconnected narrators are left to piece together their half-finished stories. By the time he wrote *Boudha vivant* Morand was starting to talk about this fragmentation instead of continuing to allow it to shape his fiction, but his earliest books end on a question which continues to intrigue us sixty years after they were written.

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Blood-sucking brigade

By A.N. Wilson

JAMES B. TWITCHELL:
The Living Dead
A study of the Vampire in Romantic Literature
210pp. Dugham, North Carolina: Duke University Press. \$14.75.
0 822 0438 4

Cases of vampirism may be said to be in our time a rare occult phenomenon. Yet whether we are justified in supposing that they are less frequent today than in past centuries I am far from certain. One thing is plain: not that they do not occur but that they are carefully hushed up and stifled.

So wrote Montague Summers, the leading English authority on the subject, in *The Vampire in Europe* (1929). Since his day, the vampires have been so successful at hushing up their nocturnal operations that many of us would be hard put to it to name more than a handful of young virgins in our acquaintance who have been bothered by thirsty visits from the living dead.

Vampires, as Montague Summers implies, come and go. There are far more in Hungary, for example, than have ever been spotted in England. And the eighteenth century was a much better one for them than the seventeenth or the twentieth. Herbert Mayo, in *On Truism Contained in Popular Superstitions*, tells of a vampire dug up in Belgrade in 1732. When disturbed it leaped to one side, the skin was fresh and ruddy, the nails grown long and evilly crooked, the mouth spattered with blood from its last night's repast. Accordingly a stake was driven through the chest of the vampire who uttered a terrible screech whilst blood poured in quantities from the wound. Then it was burned to ashes. Moreover, a number of other persons throughout the district had been infected with vampirism. Of the facts there can be no question whatsoever — the documents are above suspicion, and in particular the most important of these, which was signed by three regimental surgeons, and formally counter-signed by a lieutenant-colonel and sub-lieutenant.

The Belgrade vampire is one of many collected in Montague Summers's first book on the subject, *The Vampire: His Kith and Kin* (1928). It is a disturbing work for, as Summers shows, the evil effects of the vampire extend far beyond their immediate victims. As well as the living dead (their ectoplasmic escaping through holes in their graves and assuming bodily shape once above ground) there are of course the initiators: those who have not yet died and therefore have no excuse for their unwholesome tastes. Summers recounts in punctilious detail the story of Fritz Hartmann of Hanover, who was beheaded on April 15, 1925. Hartmann was homosexual and his victims were exclusively adolescent boys. At least twenty of them were named at the trial. He killed them by biting their throats and then supplemented his income by selling their flesh at a butcher's shop near the railway station in Hanover. It will never be known how many of the "mannliche Prostituierten" of Hanover's red-light district ended up in Hartmann's apparently very palatable sausages. But all had died, according to the coroner, in the same way. "The violent criticism, the fatal bite in the throat, are typical of the vampire," Summers believed, with Haystack Billis, that "the motive of sexual murder is nearly always to shed blood and not to cause death."

Sadly believable as that may be, what of the vampire in the more comfortable confines of poetry, drama and the novel? It is striking, again as Summers observed, how little there is of the vampire in literature. German, supernatural is full of tales of blood-sucking. And it was German superstition, says Summers, which fired the imagination of "Monsieur" Le Fanu in his lesser-known but much richer in imagination of Charles Maturin. Their conceits, however, of almost every horror which a haunted Gothic castle, or a Spanish convent riddled with legends, or a graveyard at midnight could provide. Blandly, judicious, almost perverted and torpid, evilness almost every chapter they wrote; but they did not choose to write about vampires. It was not until 1819, indeed, when John Polidori published *The Vampire*, that the blood-sucker had been left into English fiction. Polidori had created him from Byron's ghostly collaborator, John Milton. Doubtless, the original as an unpublished frag-

ment in the same year. Neither is particularly good.

The first really extended treatment of the theme is *Vampire* (1847), a work which makes Bulwer Lytton's novels seem like models of concision and realism. Nominally by Thomas Peckett Prest, it is a work of composite authorship, well over 800 pages long. If you happen to possess a copy of the long unobtainable first edition, hang on to it. It has been reprinted only in our own generation (New York: Arno Press 1970, and Dover Publications 1973). Few today will have read the whole of *Vampire* the vampire and few, in spite of its promising title, will want to. It is one of the many helpful things about James B. Twitchell's book *The Living Dead* that it contains an appendix summarizing the plot of this now forgotten best-seller. No mean feat.

After *Vampire*, you might think, there is not much to look forward to until Sheridan Le Fanu's *Carmilla* and, of course, Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. But you would be wrong; or so Twitchell would have you believe. You have forgotten about the *Lyrical Ballads*, *The Cent*, *Jane Eyre*, *Wuthering Heights*, all that stuff.

Carmilla is a sublimely unwholesome little story about an innocent girl called Laura trapped in her father's Gothic castle with another girl who appears to be her sort of age. This is *Carmilla*. She has come to the castle as a result of a coach accident and quickly develops a passion for the innocent Laura. Laura, who narrates the tale, is disturbed by *Carmilla*'s intensity. "With gloating eyes she drew me to her, and her hot lips travelled along my cheeks in kisses; and she would whisper, almost in sobs, 'You are mine, you shall be mine, and you and I are one forever.'" The poor girl does not feel safe, and even when asleep, "sometimes it was as if warm lips kissed me, and longer and more lovingly as they reached my throat, but there the caress fixed itself. My heart beat faster, my breathing rose until a sense of strangulation supervened, and turned into a dreadful convulsion, in which my senses left me, and I became unconscious."

There is, as Twitchell says, something unmistakably sexual about *Carmilla*'s advances. Even when it has been established that she is really a lamia, one Countess Carmine, whose bloated corpse, when dug up, is found floating in its coffin in seven inches of blood, we find it hard to forget the character of her initial overtures to the virginal young Laura. What Le Fanu is doing, according to Twitchell, is unfolding "familiarly, unknowingly" the adolescent and erotic nature of the vampire myth. "So far so good. But James B. Twitchell is an Associate Professor of English at the University of Florida. And the sense that there is something erotically fascinating about the figure of the vampire is fairly unintellectual and unflattering. So what can we do with it? How about suggesting that what Le Fanu is offering us in the blood-curdling story of *Carmilla* is a reading of Coleridge's *Christabel*?

This is the kind of doty perception which creeps into the heads of those who are paid to read English literature. But, one must say, Twitchell handles it wittily. He is underlined by the fact that *Christabel* does not suck *Christabel*'s blood. The assembly, of evidence is after all strong: "the midnight hour, the full moon, the spectral appearance of *Christabel*, the importance of *Christabel*'s touch, *Christabel*'s invitation to the castle, *Christabel*'s fainting at the threshold, her refusal to pray, the old man's growing acknowledgement of an evil presence" — the list is long. No one would deny that there is something rather sinister about *Christabel*. But one starts to wonder, as Twitchell's list proceeds, whether all supernatural happenings at a midnight hour, all growings of mistletoe, must point to the presence of a vampire.

In Mr Twitchell's library, though, there are vampires everywhere you look. He has set out in long traces of the vampire in Romantic Literature and where vampires are not apparent, he assumes they must be hidden. Obviously, if it's *Keats's Lamia* that you have got down from the shelf, you're in business. But less of a case can be made for *The Leech-Gatherer*. Wordsworth delighting in the 1807 version; the stanza beginning

He wore a cloak the same as woman wear,
As one whose blood did seepful comfort lack.

His hair looked pale as if it had grown fair,
It is possible that he did so because the lines are not much good. But if you are willing a

thesis about vampires, things are less simple than that. Admittedly it is the Leech-gatherer who is being drained of blood, rather than the reverse. So it is that the artist gives energy, by allowing the perceiver to leech from the strength of his perception, his art. The idea is an analogy of Christ, the Eucharist, Poetry itself.

Some readers will feel that Twitchell's amusing survey is spoiled by this stuff. Others will take the puritanical view that no book can be taken seriously unless it tries to be both critical and comprehensive. Even *Beowulf* is enlisted here in the literature of vampirism — more convincingly (to me) than *The Leech-Gatherer*. In the old poem there are at least humanoid monsters who feast on human flesh.

The simple fact to emerge from this book is that vampires are, in literature at least, better explicit than hushed up or stifled. Twitchell is not absurd in all his speculations. There is vampire imagery in some romantic poetry. Vampires hover about the pages of Edgar Allan Poe, and I am convinced by Twitchell's reading of *Women in Love* that D. H. Lawrence was heavily into vampires. "He wanted to give everything to her, all his blood, to the last drops, pour away everything to her," *The Living Dead* was an investigation worth making, and it shows (with varying credibility) that a lot of people from Southey to Lawrence had vampires on their minds. But there are surely simple lessons to be learned from the fact that no writer has ever written more brilliantly about vampires than Bram Stoker, no critic more searchingly than the Reverend Montague Summers.

Speaking for the dumb

By Stephen Gill

SHEILA M. SMITH:
The Other Nation
The Poor in English Novels of the 1840s and 1850s
282pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £12.
0 19 82642 5

In 1845, the celebrated political diarist Charles Greville followed the current fashion for sightseeing trips to the industrial North. In its specially appointed barge "fitted up with every convenience and comfort... drawn by two horses with postillions in livery", his party speculated daily displayed the gap between the two Nations. His journal reveals it similarly clearly. Visiting coalmines, factories, and model schools Greville saw a great deal but understood little. "On Wednesday I went through the subterranean canal... into the colliery, saw the working in the mine, and came up by the shaft; a black and dirty expedition, scarcely worth the trouble, but which I am glad to have made. The colliers seem a very coarse set, but they are not hard worked, and, in fact, do no more than they choose." The miners, women and children who gave evidence to the 1842 Commission of Enquiry into employment in the mines saw things quite differently. The gap between experience, seeing and understanding is the subject of this book.

More attention has been given to English novels of the 1840s and 1850s than they might be thought to merit. Mary Barton, *Sybil*, *Alton Locke*, *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, *Hard Times* cannot compare with *Vanity Fair*, *Bleak House*, *Middlemarch* or *The Portrait of a Lady* as works of art, and yet they have engaged such scholars as Louis Cazamian, Kathleen Tillotson, Raymond Williams, Peter Keating and Steven Marcus. It is easy to see why. Compared with Henry James, say, these novels are all impure — *Gaskell*, committed to the duties of a clergyman's wife, *Disraeli* a politician on the social reformer, *Reade* an academic and lawyer, *Dickens* a public figure and literary entrepreneur — and to give their fictions, love interest and prophetic images, the intention of making effective impact on the legislators, the optimistic progress and the votes in the "real" world. And yet there is a raw power, a directness, a sense of

challenge about them all which makes it easy for the general reader to forgive their faults. If *Reade* and *Kingsley* are little read now, *Mary Barton* and *Hard Times* are certainly current and even *Sybil* is back in print in paperback. Survival from among the many even conferred representative status on them, so that for many students *Chartism* evokes *Mary Barton* and *Alton Locke*, and *Trades Unionism* means what is depicted in *North and South* and *Hard Times*.

The images these texts present are clearly not neutral or accurately representational and their survival must infuriate historians trying to make sense of masses of apparently hard evidence. Yet their very formation, and their success in their own time, must tell us something about what and how the mid-Victorians saw or thought they saw. This is Sheila Smith's contention, and her book is the most rigorous and impressive attempt yet to ask the right questions and to bring together the appropriate evidence. It must be read by everyone interested in the period.

To those literary critics who proclaim the death of the author, or those who maintain that the relation between the outside world and the work of art is not a fruitful subject for consideration, Sheila Smith's procedures will seem very old-fashioned. She believes that we can get close to the lived experience of the 1840s and 1850s and establish evidence against which to test the images of the written text. Parliamentary Reports on industry, agriculture, prison conditions, public health; eye-witness accounts in documents and newspapers; photographs and paintings: all are brought together in testimony both to the conditions in which the poor lived and worked and to their attitudes to their lot. Dr Smith is too good a historian to trust this public evidence as if because it is avowedly non-imaginative, but must be free from bias or selection, but unlike most literary scholars she has immersed herself in it, and the results are fascinating.

Fascinating and rather depressing. Sheila Smith's question is, "Can these middle-class novelists concerned with commenting on the Two Nations and their society, extend their consciousness, to include the life of the other Nation, so that their readers imaginatively experience it?" Generally the answer is no. Their achievements, and very considerable, "create an image of St Olives which outlasts its original and determines how

many others actually see the teeming life of the city. Kingsley opens up a Mary England in which children freeze in open fields for subsistence wages. *Reade* demonstrates that Justice depends on where you are on the social ladder, while *Gaskell* depicts the lives of the poor as that even *Prater's Magazine* thought, 'what can madden brave, honest, industrious North-Country hearts' into turning Chartism.

But how much is omitted, softened, distorted. Disraeli stays close to Blue-Book evidence only as long as it supports the political polemic of *Sybil*. Kingsley creates the theatre-strategy where it is the fictional structures determined by a Christian thesis, and again *Kingsley* actually prevents comprehension of the Other Nation by the language he uses. And the voices of the poor themselves are not heard. Although all of the novelists utterance to the agony which... this dumb people, the language of the not-so-dumb people, which speaks widely from the interviews recorded in the Blue-Book reports, is suppressed or remodelled.

This is not a simple book. Really, as Dr Smith argues, is not out there, to be translated more or less accurately into a work of art. Reality is grasped through the imagination, which "as Kant and Coleridge believed... is an instrument of perception". Her concern is with failure of imagination-perception, and her success is that she has demonstrated in such detail the how, and often the why, of this failure. But *The Other Nation* is not a canon, but to present the contemporary evidence and to understand why it is so often proved intractable in art, despite the highest intentions, and the compassion and the integrity of the artists.

A recent addition to Twayne's "English Authors Series" is J. R. R. Tolkien's *Deborah Webster Rogers and Ivor A. Rogers* (164pp. Boston: G. K. Hall 0 8007 6796 7). The authors take the view that Tolkien's work "is so outstanding and its influence so conspicuous that his name stands first: Tolkien and twentieth-century fantasy, like Shakespeare and Elizabethan drama". They describe the purpose of the book as being "to introduce briefly and clearly Tolkien's life, some of his mental furniture of a literary kind, and his major short works and his long fiction". They also provide a Selected Bibliography — "to help Tolkienists continue their study in whatever direction they want".



These drawings by Barnett Freedman are part of a series of forty-eight he produced for an edition of Oliver Twist, published in 1939, and for sale at Sutherland's in Chancery Lane on March 26 and 27. The sale, of English illustrated books and related drawings and watercolours, includes volumes illustrated by Beardsley, Burne-Jones, Dula, Rackham, Blake, Ricketts, Palmer, John and Paul Nash, Wyndham Lewis, Doré and Max Beerbohm; and many pen and ink drawings (among them literary caricatures) by Nicola Bentley, whose "Rossetti" appears on the cover of this issue.

Shuffling down the back-stairs

By Paul Kennedy

DAVID DILKS (Editor):
Retreat from Power
Studies in Britain's Foreign Policy of the Twentieth Century
Volume 1: 1906-1939
212pp. 0 333 28909 9.
Volume 2: After 1939
197pp. 0 333 29319 3.
Macmillan. £10 each (paperback, £4.25).

Eighty years ago, on January 22, 1901, the "old Queen" died peacefully in her sleep at Osborne. With her went the age to which she had lent her name. The early parts of Victoria's long reign had seen Britain uninvited in world affairs as the pre-eminent industrial, commercial, naval and colonial power, the country had possessed an international influence out of all proportion to the size of its population and its territorial extent. By the beginning of this century, however, the era of the *Pax Britannica* had gone forever. Rising new powers like Germany and the United States had overtaken Britain in many industrial and technological spheres. Colonial rivals threatened various parts of the British Empire. The Royal Navy's maritime supremacy had been ceded in certain seas, and was under pressure in others. In sum, the

special circumstances which once made Britain the number one state had disappeared; the wheel of fortune, never still, was carrying the nation downward, away from the zenith of power.

It is this downward course, or trajectory, which is measured by the contributors to the two volumes of *Retreat from Power*, edited by David Dilks. It should be made clear at the outset, however, that this work is not attempting to explain the British decline. The cluster of economic, cultural, geopolitical and domestic causes of the collapse of British power which has been analysed by Corelli Barnett, Max Beloff, Bernard Porter and this reviewer, among others, is not directly on the agenda here. The two volumes consist instead of fourteen essays on particular aspects of British external policy; they are, as the subtitle indicates, "Studies in Britain's Foreign Policy of the Twentieth Century". Five of the essays have appeared in print before, though in a slightly different form; the rest are unpublished papers given at the University of Leeds, where the editor holds his chair. The contributors range from lecturers in Dilks's department to outside authorities such as Michael Howard and the late Lord Strang.

One may snipe at, or praise 'individual pieces but, because this is a somewhat heterogeneous collection, it is difficult to engage with it as a whole. In fact, all of the contributions are of high quality and offer useful information, but some appear less

connected than others with the "Retreat from Power" theme: for example, Philip Taylor's thoughtful piece on how the Foreign Office's attitudes to the press and publicity changed during the First World War, Graham Ross's detailed analysis of Churchill's visit to Moscow in August, 1942, and — a curious addition, surely — Sarvepalli Gopal's sympathetic study of "Nehru and the Commonwealth".

Certain of the other pieces deal with specific short-term crises in British diplomacy: thus, W. N. Medlicott offers a reasoned and plausible explanation for that much execrated pact, the Hoare-Laval pact of 1935; and Lord Strang contributes a personal memoir and a historical analysis of the ill-fated British mission to Moscow in the summer of 1939. Of the rest, the themes are broader and are concerned in a very central way with some of the chief issues in British external policy since Victoria's death.

Curiously, only one contribution deals with that policy prior to the Great War: Keith Wilson's fine essay on "Britain in the European Balance 1906-1914". Although I disagree with Wilson's argument that it was chiefly through a desire to avoid antagonizing Russia and France that the British government decided on war in 1914 — since the evidence for that interpretation comes primarily from a few Russianophile Foreign Office clerks — this piece does bring home the increasing British fear of standing alone in a hostile world. Gone forever, it appears,

was the old belief in "splendid isolation".

By the following decade, the Cabinet had more to worry about than the silliness of the Irish or the sensitivity of the Afrikaners. Revisionist, militaristic powers were on the move, threatening British interests in the Far East, in the Mediterranean, and, most ominous of all, in Europe itself. In view of the gravity of these issues, it is not surprising that there is a concentration of essays upon the 1930s. Reprinted here is Professor Medlicott's careful Creighton lecture on Anglo-German diplomacy between 1930 and 1937; and this is complemented by Michael Howard's brilliant and lucid survey of "British Military Preparations for the Second World War".

All criticisms of appeasement, Howard reminds the reader, have to be set against the three overriding determinants of official British policy at that time: the requirements of imperial defence, that is, the need to preserve an over-stretched global system of possessions and interests; the widespread apprehension of Britain's own vulnerability to aerial attack, a consideration which of course had not troubled Palmerston's generation; and an acute awareness of the country's weakened economic circumstances, which meant that a heavy rearmament programme would lead to national bankruptcy. The Britain which had to face the challenge of the dictators was resembling, now more than ever, Joseph Chamberlain's 1902 description of "the weary Titan, staggering under the too vast orb of its fate".

From 1939 onwards, and despite heroic efforts in the battlefields and in the factories, it was downhill all the way. Lord Strang provides many insights into the problems Britain faced, in his magisterial survey "War and Foreign Policy 1939-45", but the true touchstone of the retreat from power lay less in the diplomatic field than in the harsher world of armaments, technology and resources. This world is deftly scrutinized in Margaret Gowing's essay "Britain, America and the Bomb", which shows how this country's lead in A-bomb research was steadily transferred to its much wealthier transatlantic partner without, however, any British government feeling that it could give up its own claim to possess an independent nuclear deterrent. The final essay, by Edward Spiers, neatly takes the story of "The British Nuclear Deterrent" to the present day and assembles the arguments for and against its continuance. In the view of Mrs Thatcher's government, the Polaris submarine (and its Trident successor) represents a last and therefore essential justification of Britain's claim to be regarded as an independent great power. To critics, the British deterrent lacks credibility and is a mere figleaf, masking the extent of the country's decline.

If Western soldiers once again have to go into action in that part of the world one hopes that they will do so with the self-confident skill and downright tactical elegance of most of the British troops who fought guerrillas in the Protectorate and terrorists in the town of Aden. The army that fought so well in Aden did so with the full advantage of the prior experience of fighting revolt in Cyprus, just as the earlier lessons of Kenya and Malaya had done much to prepare the army for the struggle against Grivas and his men. The good fortune which empowers especially need is that their subjects should not revolt simultaneously if revolt they must, and matters were greatly helped by the fact that the Irgun and Haganah, the Malayans communists, the Mau Mau, Eoka, Sukarno and the two groups of South Arabian troublemakers, FIOY and NLF, all scheduled their appointments with British soldiers, "spooks" and policemen in neat sequence instead of erupting all at once.

Fortune being allowed for, it remains clear that except in Palestine the British did very well indeed with various blends of carefully controlled (and restrained) police work, good and sometimes inspired intelligence, inventive counter-terrorist methods, and, above all, a great deal of first-class infantry strength, assisted on a small scale by RAF and Navy support. There is no doubt much to be criticized in British colonial and post-colonial policy (especially when it was actually the business of the Foreign rather than the Colonial Office), but say I'm minded assessment of British colonial warfare since 1945 must be very positive: it was highly effective, very economical and remarkably humane by the standards of the age.

But perhaps the reader will feel sufficiently rewarded by the first hundred pages of *Retreat from Power* to want to read the rest. In these, Lord Carver reviews the small and very small wars of the British Empire in devolution: Palestine, Malaya, Kenya, Cyprus, Aden and Borneo. Here briefly serves a positive use instead of prohibiting a serious study since the con-joint treatment it allows offers the illuminating perspective of one episode on another, without preventing the author from examining the different dimensions that demand attention, from the tactical to the political, since all these wars were so small in scale.

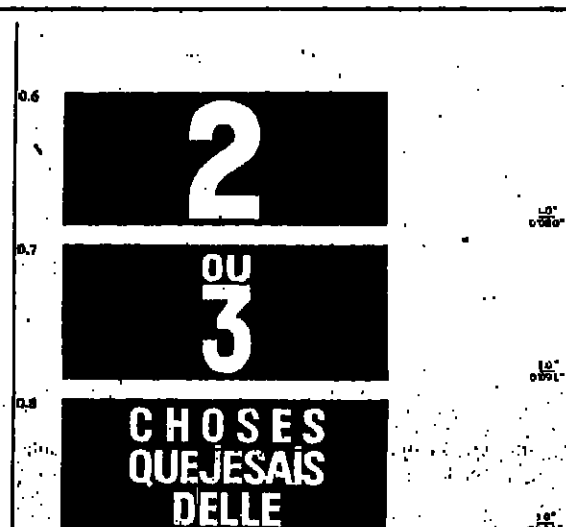
But they were by no means small in their effects on the contemporary world, nor in their importance as examples of the art of war. Indeed, the military planner who thinks of today's extra-European contingencies in the Persian Gulf or elsewhere has probably more to learn from the British experience than from the American. The airborne cauldrons of Vietnam dwarfed in scale the British use of helicopters in Borneo, but it was in Borneo and not in Vietnam that this vehicle opened the way for radically new tactics in jungle warfare. One cannot help thinking that it was the sheer abundance of American resources which discouraged tactical innovation in Vietnam, while it was the scarcity of British means that made it compulsory in Borneo and elsewhere.

Two or Three Things I know about Her
Analysis of a Film by Godard
ALFRED GUZZETTI

2 ou 3 choses que je sais d'elle (1967) is, in Alfred Guzzetti's view, Godard's most complex and powerful work. Guzzetti not only provides a close analysis of Godard's themes and techniques but devises a novel format for presenting the film. The simultaneity of impression so characteristic of film is conveyed more successfully than ever before in a work of film criticism; the spoken text is given in English as well as French. *Harvard Film Studies*, 280 halftones, 7 line illustrations. March 1981, £16.50.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9SD

The film is like



commentary

Forty years on

By Peter Conrad

Lulu
Metropolitan Opera, New York
Lulu
Covenant Garden

Directors remain uncertain whether to assign *Lulu* to the 1890s, where Wedekind's plays belong, or to the 1930s, when Berg composed the music. The decision is more than a decorative one. A *fin-de-siècle* *Lulu* characterizes the heroine as a fatal vamp, a colleague of Deardley's anarchoid Salome; transferring the action to the 1930s, as Patrice Chéreau did in Paris in 1979, exonerates her — Chéreau even called her crypto-Jewish, the victim of a sick, greedy bourgeoisie against whose hypocritical pieties she offended. John Dexter's production at the Met stages itself in the remote periphery of the 1890s. Götz Friedrich at Covent Garden has, like Chéreau, chosen the 1930s. But whereas Chéreau's sets recalled the mausoleum marble of fascist architects like Speer, brutalizing and diminishing the mere human beings who scuttled along its cold, slippery floors, the designs for Friedrich's version are located in the different imaginary Germany of Expressionism.

The furnishings for the New York production look and write like the serpentine lines of Art Nouveau. The pillars in Schön's house are twisted sticks of liquorice, and the painter's house is a peacock lair outfitted by Tiffany. Handsome though the sets are, they're contradicted by the extraordinary Lulu of Teresa Stratas, for whom the heroine is emphatically not a vengeful demon of the

1890s. Her performance attests to Lulu's innocence, even to her moral purity. She sees Lulu not as a genital automaton but as a person who is uniquely and devastatingly honest, and whose honesty terrorizes a society which preserves itself by euphemism and evasion. Lulu doesn't edit or censor her thoughts. She confides the truth of her feelings — casually advising Alva that she poisoned her mother or enquiring whether the divan where he's making love to her is the one on which his father bled to death — and her candour can kill.

In a performance of astonishing psychological subtlety, Stratas makes it clear that, though Lulu is a hostage of false morality (she is distressed by the painter's reproving catechism and when he interrogates her about her beliefs can only whimper "Ich weiss nicht"), she possesses a moral code of her own to which she is mysteriously true. Thus she welcomes Jack the Ripper as her savage, surgical redeemer. They are natural allies: with his knife he is cleansing and cauterizing a fouled world, just as she chastens the men who try to own her by contradicting the love which they invent to rationalize their need of her. Jack comes to her as a judge and a murdering conscience, and is accepted as such by the Lulu of Stratas, who knows before him pleading with him to stay, tenderly petting and bribing him until he consents to kill her. Lulu envies the dead, as her wondering elegies over the corpses of her two husbands proclaim: and she has an intimacy with death which also joins her to Jack, whose profession is the retributive enforcement of mortality. Stratas's disturbing, touching stage presence perfectly conveys this unearthliness. Wedekind called Lulu an *Erdgeist*, but it's

the spirituality, not the coarse admixture of earth, which Stratas — fragile, thin, with a child's bemused eyes in a ghost's ancient face — represents. Returning from prison, her hair shorn, wasted, her face grey, she speaks with the detachment and the power of divination of those who have been closely acquainted with death by illness.

In her voice, too, there's an eerie ambiguity. Singing, its extensions into the upper register are bright and hysterically shrill, scolding pinpoints of irresponsibility, as in her manic coloratura after the painter's suicide. But when she speaks, as in Lulu's plaintive appeal to Schön in the second scene, she sounds smoky, grave, almost baritone, as if two identities, even two sexes, were housed in that slight, tormented body. The Met's Schön and Ripper were Franz Mazura, whose intensity as a singing actor matches that of Stratas. Covent Garden's Schön, Günther Reich, is a portly, caponized househusband, and he has been instructed by Friedrich to play the Ripper as a bluff working man, administering the vengeance of a down-trodden class; but Mazura's Schön, his voice edged with violence, has a glowering rectitude which makes his collapse appalling to watch, and his Ripper is a baleful civil servant, bowler-hatted and carrying a medical kit-bag — an implacable, incisive avenger. Both Stratas and Mazura dwell on that precipice of what Artaud called danger, the tense and risky arena of self-exposure and even self-abuse which is reserved to great and daring performers: between them, they ignited the Met's *Lulu*.

Karen Armstrong's Lulu at Covent Garden is securely and vividly sung but she lacks Stratas's tragic understanding and instead plays the character as a flourishing, liberated libido. Where Stratas was mysteriously self-sufficient, deathly in

her remoteness, assuming a yoga position in her chair in the dressing-room as she refuses to dance and refuses to tell why, Armstrong is a flirtatious hurricane who demolishes the painter's studio and struts through a succession of tantrums with Schön. Friedrich treats the character, symbolized by the portrait which pursues her throughout the opera and is finally slashed by the Ripper, as a Marxist cuse, merchandized as an appetizing object, introduced as a pin-up. Lulu, he suggests, is an instance of the vacuity of modern celebrity — a sister, perhaps, of Farrah Fawcett. In the prologue, Lulu as the serpent rolls across the stage inside a satin cerement which she sheds as a snake does its skin. It's a brilliant theatrical image, a reptilian homage to the nightclub scene in Sternberg's *Blonde Venus* where the lumbering ape removes his shaggy head and reveals himself to be Mariette Dietrich.

Because Friedrich has chosen to Hollywoodize Lulu, it's her silliness which the Covent Garden production emphasizes. Stratas, remarking after her quarrel with Schön that "Man hat mich saß", was sullen and morbid, agonized by the rejection; Armstrong delivers the same line with a fit of mocking giggles. She giggles infectious too when she helps the Ripper to rend the portrait, whereas Stratas behaved towards him with reverence and even gratitude for the death she knew she was to receive from him. Armstrong's is an expert performance, but it's deliberately superficial. As a celebrity, Friedrich's Lulu is the symbol of a fraudulent, inflated value, and the production makes its sharpest points during the inflationary panic of the casino scene. While the moneyed classes lament the collapse of the Jungfrau shares, a tired procession of proles cross a gallery, looking down on the antics of their doomed betters. Yet Lulu herself repudiates Friedrich's

'A People and a Proletariat'

Sir, — In his review of David Smith's *A People and a Proletariat* (February 27), Dr Kenneth O. Morgan suggests that Saunders Lewis was "atypical" among Welsh nationalists of the pre-war and early war years. "In contrast, say, to Ambrose Bebb [sic], another Catholic nationalist whose attachment to France led him to break with Plaid Cymru's neutralism in 1940".

The same gremlin that rendered Bebb Bebb may have made catholic into Catholic. If not, and unless Dr Morgan is privy to a death-bed conversion of which even the family know nothing, then the record should be kept straight: Ambrose Bebb died an elder of Twrgwyn Presbyterian church, Bangor in Gwynedd.

It is true that he was attracted to the Roman Catholic Church. His attachment to France in 1940 was more ambivalent than is suggested in the review. He was a Francophile from his days at the Sorbonne and, unlike Saunders Lewis (see *Y Llenor*, 1972, et al) was politically influenced by Charles Maurras and the Action Française. His devotion to Maurras is recorded even in his *Dydd-Lyf Pnyfnos* (the diary of the fortnight from August 20 to September 3, 1939, when Bebb was in Brittany and Paris). His identification with the personal civil war by many right-wing Frenchmen was compounded for him by his sympathy for the cause of those Bretons who felt (cf Ireland in 1916) that France's difficult hour was the time for Brittany to strike for her freedom.

In the end he broke with Maurras's views, and disagreed with the Welsh nationalist party's neutrality. But he did not break with the party, and was its parliamentary candidate for Caernarfon in the first post-war election. As Dr Morgan suggests, the period and the subject deserve more attention.

HARRI PRITCHARD JONES.
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goldnen Schuhn/Traite es mir auf die Schwachen/Und es müste Böses tun/Und könnte mir lechen./Ach, zum Heren, spät und früh/ist zu schwer ein Herz aus Stein/Denn es macht zu grosse Mühe/Müchig tun und böse sein./Wird es müssen den Hunger fürchten/Aber die Hungigen nicht/Wird es müssen die Finsternis durchleuchten/Aber nicht das Licht."

The English-English version has: "He who wears the shoes of gold/Tamples on the weak and old/Does evil all day long/And mocks at wrong./O to carry as one's own/Heavy is the heart of stone./The power to do ill/Wears out who the will/Hunger he will dread/Not those who go unfed/Fear the fall of night/But not the light."

The American version has: "If he walked in golden shoes/Cold his heart would be and stony/Humble folk he would abuse/He wouldn't know me./Oh, it's hard to be hard-hearted/All day long from noon to night/To be mean and high and mighty/Is a hard and cruel plight./Let him be afraid of hunger/Not of the hungry man's spite/Let him be afraid of darkness/Not fear the light."

Manche's version is not only a better poem, but a more accurate translation as well. What a pity that the English-English Brecht edition could not use it.

ANTONY TATLOW.

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Transatlantic Publishing

Sir, — Marcus Cunliffe (Letters, March 6) responds to my saying that there was no immediate recognition on this side of the Atlantic of the importance of Gary Wills's *Inventing America*. He directs my attention to his own TLS review of the American edition in October 1978 and to extensive reviews in the *New York Review of Books* and elsewhere.

My point was not about this public recognition, but publishers' recognition, a distinction I should have spelt out. British and American publishers of academic books advise one another of their future titles so that they can join together in the print-run, so cover a large part of the production which follows — and aiming for simultaneous publication.

Presumably British publishers knew in advance about *Inventing America*. That no one joined Doubleday in producing a simultaneous British edition is the simple evidence upon which I based my assertion that the book's importance was not then recognized by British publishers. Or perhaps publishers were alert to its importance but calculated that the potential British market was too small to make it economic for their lists.

I am grateful, anyway, for Professor Cunliffe's letter in providing this chance to clarify one of the elements in the print-run, so cover a large part of the production which follows — and aiming for simultaneous publication.

BRIAN SOUTHAM.

The Athlone Press, 90-91 Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3PX.

Hilaire Belloc

Sir, — Among the wood-engravings that I am including in a forthcoming edition of *The Engravings of David Jones* is "The Great British Public", represented as a recumbent goller in plus-four, with the head of an ass, his feet resting on a crumbling colonnade, while a large spider with a dollar sign on its back waves its web over him, his golf-club and the Union Jack.

I understand from David Jones that the engraving illustrated a Ballade by Hilaire Belloc, but I have failed to find it among Belloc's published poems. Another favourite Ballade of his, which he also attributed to Belloc, concerned Edward VII's mistress, Mrs. James. I recall that each stanza ended with the line "And Mrs. James will entertain the King". The Envol with "But I will entertain a plous hope/That Mrs. James will entertain the King". This also I cannot find. I should be most grateful for any information about either Ballade.

DOUGLAS CLEVELAND.
The Clover Hill Editions, 27 Barbours Square, London N1 1JP.

The History of Secularism

Sir, — R.T. Shannon's fashionably patronizing discussion of the secularist movement in his review of Edward Royle's *Radicals, Secularists and Republicans* (March 6), contains some fashionably careless errors.

There were more than just "two important women in the movement": as well as Annie Besant and Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner, there were Eliza Sharpley, Emma Martin, Harriet Law, Kate Watts, Edith Vance, and so on. W. J. Ramsey can hardly have "oscillated wildly for many years between fervent Christianity and perverted Secularism": his only Christian manifestation was as a choirboy, and his active membership of the secularist movement lasted from the age of fifteen until his death at the age of seventy-two.

The edition of *Fraser's Philosophy* which led to the Bradlaugh-Besant trial was published not in Bristol in 1876 but in London in 1877; and the jury not only "tried to convict" the defendants but did so, though they won an appeal on technical grounds. Incidentally, Paine's first name was not Tom but Thomas, and Arnold's was not Matthew but Matthias.

There has been no such thing as the "National Secularist Society": it was and still is the National Secular Society. The Leicester Secular Hall has not been one of the "provincial centres" of the NSS; the Leicester Secular Society was and still is an independent organization. It is not true that the movement had declined so much that "by 1915 only five groups survived, all in London": delegates to the 1915 annual conference of the National Secular Society represented not only the main society but also a dozen branches, half outside London, and the situation was still the same more than half a century later.

The assumption that the life of the secularist movement was over more than half a century ago is contradicted by the fact that on March 1, 1981, the centenary of the Leicester Secular Hall was commemorated at a packed public meeting which was attended by representatives of several organizations and by local MPs, and which was addressed by Michael Foot, the leader of the Labour Party and a Distinguished Member of the National Secular Society, on the subject of socialism and freethought. As it happened, on the same day the first Football League match was played on a Sunday morning. So the life of the movement is not over, and neither is its work.

NICOLAS WALTER.

New Humanist, 88 Islington High Street, London N1.

Christianity and Homosexuality

Sir, — To argue as Peter Linehan in his review of John Boswell's book (January 23) that Christianity was not hostile to homosexuality is to ignore the Christian and medieval literature. Christianity and medieval literature, though he, as well as Boswell, can argue that medieval writers misinterpreted the Christian message, it was none the less this misinterpretation that prevailed. The first Christian legislation against homosexuality did not come in 533 but almost from the first appearance of Christianity as the imperial religion. In 342 Constantine and Constantine enacted some ambiguous legislation which, however it is interpreted, was clearly aimed at homosexuality and was clearly hostile. The Christian Emperors Theodosius, Valentinian II, and Arcadius in 390 prescribed — burning

for those who engaged in anal intercourse. Fortunately these laws were not always enforced: in fact a tax was collected on female prostitutes until the time of the Emperor Anastasius but they were on the books and served as background to the Justinian legislation. The Christian penitentials were also uniformly hostile to homosexuality while they show variations in attitudes to other sexual activities. St. Augustine and a whole host of Western Church Fathers are also hostile to homosexuality and this hostility appears throughout ecclesiastical writing of the Middle Ages. Such attitudes came to be institutionalized in the emerging canon and civil law of the eleventh and twelfth centuries and were given reinforcement in the scholastic commentaries. This does not mean that they did not also coincide with practice in terms of prohibition but gays,

regardless of their influence, were always extremely vulnerable to scapegoating and to attack. The history of these gays should be sought out and published but to argue that the medieval Church was not hostile to homosexuality is to ignore the reality of medieval Church teaching. This hostility, as I have shown elsewhere, was often based upon quite erroneous assumptions (and in fact still is) but it none the less existed. It was no sudden new development of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Details can be found in my *Sexual Variance in Society and History* (University of Chicago Press) and in my forthcoming (with James Brundage) *Sexual Practices and the Medieval Church* (Buffalo: Prometheus Books, 1981).

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'Private Lives'

Sir, — In thanking Mark Amory for his long, thoughtful and generous review of my *Gertrude Lawrence* (March 3) could I just answer the one question he raises? I too had heard rumours of a film of *Private Lives* made from the stalls during the original 1930 run, and put them to Coward when I was working on his biography in 1969. He denied all knowledge of it, and I suspect that if there had been a camera in the stalls he'd have been the first to see, and direct, it.

SHERIDAN MORLEY.
Punch, 23-27 Tudor Street, London EC4Y 0HR.

Reading Dickens and Henry James

Sir, — It was surprising in a week (February 6) which contained some thoughtful and interesting contributions to the current debate on literary theory to find in the *TLS* such a flat-earth review as A. N. Wilson's "hatchet job" on books by Susanne Kappeler and Susan Horton on James and Dickens respectively. Though such performances would appear to be Mr Wilson's forte (he gave us one on David Punter's book on Gothic fiction a couple of months ago) one wonders quite what qualifications he brings to the task. Presumably these ought to be those of the intensely scrupulous close-reading practical critic — yet he seems to have never played that role. Upon Horton's assertion of Mrs Wadswold's lesbianism and Daniel Quilp's "strange sexual attractiveness" doesn't suggest this, for I'm sure I'm not the only student of Dickens prepared to agree with her. And when he "barges the text" to demolish her suggestion that Quilp's "de-licious charmer" compliment to his wife accompanies erotic manoeuvres, his eye fails to alight on the passage to which she's clearly referring: "Mr Quilp planted his two hands on his knees, and straddling his legs out very wide apart, stooped slowly down, and down, and down, until, by screwing his head very much on one side, he came between his wife's eyes and the floor." Whatever the quality of these books, Mr Wilson's gratuitous mauling of them hardly seems to advance the traditionalist case against literary theory in any persuasive way, and one wonders what odd notion of "balance" it is that prompts the *TLS* to permit him to do this at such a time, and in such an issue.

MICHAEL HOLLINGTON.
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Namesakes

Sir, — I shall be grateful if you will publish this letter to make it clear that I am not the namesake of mine who has recently written to both your Journal (Letters, March 6) and mine to make it clear that he is not me. On a recent visit to the Keats Society in Oxford, several members of that club mistook me for the author of *Keats and the Mirror of Art and English Literature 1815-1832*. This was embarrassing. I am not and in no way share the views expressed by Professor Jack.

IAN JACK.
The Sunday Times, PO Box 7, 200 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EZ.

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Looking back past 'Orfeo'

By Richard Osborne

Orfeo
Riverside Studios, Hammermith

The legend of Orpheus is an odd choice for a wedding pageant and it is not surprising to find Jacopo Peri and his librettist, Ottavio Rinuccini, tacitly modifying the story for the nuptial celebrations of Maria de Medici and Henri IV of France in the Pitt Palace, Florence on October 6, 1600. In the Peri/Rinuccini version Orpheus, eschewing the fatal backward glance, gets his girl after all.

Euridice remains important because it is our first surviving opera; and though it was to be eclipsed within the decade by Monteverdi's towering version, it merits occasional performance along with other first-drawings whose star has since fallen: Pachelbel's *Barbieri* or Rosini's *Otello*.

The latest revival, recently seen at the Riverside Studios, Hammermith, is by Musica nel Chostro, an English group specializing in baroque and classical opera, and based in the summer months in the monastery of Santa Croce in Scutari, Tuscany. If their name suggests registered respectability, scholarship and a kinship with Renaissance values, it is a misleading one; for their *Euridice* is chic, eclectic, and unmitigatedly modern. In his scabrous re-write of *The Magic Flute* libretto, W.C. Auden has some lines about "the designed Who tells this whole thing as an ocean liner". He would not have been surprised by Monteverdi's *Orfeo*'s strange credulity, iconography, to diffidence, duckbills, and a bio-biologized paddling-pool provided, strange to relate, by Yolanda. Somewhat under Sadler's Wells *Orfeo* once dazzled the eye.

As an Underwood who Orpheus was killed in Act 2 by a golden barked serpent, more subtle, effective, it was inevitable: the poet, now the banks of Styx, draped with dimly discernible forms, their limbs lapsing the wand in a dreary, staccato. At other times, from Scythians and a messenger (young Prince in the water like a re-born Orpheus) added little to the music drama.

For the production, Musica nel Chostro had commissioned a new translation and a re-write of the bare bass line of Peri's published score; from the composer Stephen Oliver. The new instrumental nonet, Oliver tells us, resembles that used by Stravinsky in *The Soldier's Tale*: clarinet, trumpet (Orpheus's instrument), trombone, banjo/guitar, piano, percussion, violin, and double-bass. Citing rival recordings of Cavalli and Monteverdi, Oliver argues that "we pass in and out of a 17th century idiom as in and out of a room where such music is playing". Even on paper it is not a good idea; in practice, it often seemed trivial and inept. Given the range of effects available from early seventeenth-century instrumental forces, the potent mix that harpsichord, cello, lute, harp, the swirling reed and the mellow woodwinds, Oliver's progressive (and, it seemed progressively atonal) updating of the libretto seemed strangely odd. Many of the best moments came when the band was silent or when bass or guitar (seventeenth-century equivalents, neither used in *The Soldier's Tale*) did the accompanying.

Wisely, Oliver had not interfered with Peri's vocal lines; though with the singers appearing to be only moderately skilled in matters of clear enunciation and proper rhetorical pointing it was difficult to form an adequate impression of the extent of Peri's achievement in fashioning what he called "the intermediate form" between speech and song. But if the action hung heavy, this was perhaps as much Rinuccini's fault as that of the director, Graham Vick, for the libretto makes few concessions to the demands of lyric theatre. Characters are few and far between; Rinuccini's characters, like primitive newscasters, seem more preoccupied with narrative, high drama, than with emotional or psychological insight. With Monteverdi's librettist, Alessandro Striggio, it was to be quite another matter.

The Hamletianish requiem, it must be said, looked well-placed with the show; but as the lovers took their final nuptial kiss knee-deep in water, it struck me that we were all far too late, not waiting but driving in. Perhaps one day a Nottingham or a Hamletian will raise the wreck. For his part, *Euridice* is worth salvaging.

STEPHEN CHILL is a Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

Among this week's contributors

RONALD BLYTH's most recent book is *The View from Winter*, 1979.

WILLIAM BOYD's novel *A Good Man in Africa* was published earlier this year.

DAVID BRADIN's most recent book is *Haciendas and Ranchos in the Mexican Bajío, 1700-1860*, 1979.

KATH BRANFORD's books include *Aegean Melancholy of the Early and Middle Bronze Age*, 1974. He is co-author, with P. J. Fowler, of *The Roman West Country*, 1976.

J. S. BRATTON is the author of *Wilton's Music Hall*, 1980.

JAMES CAMPBELL is the editor of the *New Edinburgh Review*.

VALENTINE CUNNINGHAM is the author of *Everywhere Spoken Against: Dissent in the Victorian Novel*, 1975.

BRIAN DE MAIRNY was BBC radio correspondent in Moscow from 1972 to 1974.

RICHARD EBERHART's most recent collection of poems is *Florida Poems*, 1981.

VICKI FRAYN's first collection of poems, *Class Relatives*, will be reviewed shortly in the *TLS*.

STEPHEN FENDRA's *The American Long Poem: an annotated Selection* was published in 1977.

KATE FULTON is a lecturer in English at the University of Bristol.

CELINA FOX is Curator of Paintings, Prints and Drawings at the Museum of London.

PHILIP GARDNER is co-author, with Averil Gardner, of *The God Approach: A Commentary on the Poems of William Empson*, 1978.

PATRICK GARDNER is the editor of *The Philosophy of History*, 1974.

STEPHEN CHILL is a Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

JOHN N. GREEN is Senior Lecturer in Romance Linguistics at the University of York.

L. J. HALL is lecturer in Sociology at the University of Southampton.

NORMAN HAMMOND is the editor of *Mesoamerican Archaeology*, 1975.

ROY HARRIS is Professor of General Linguistics at the University of Oxford. He is the author of *The Language Makers*, 1980.

CATE HASTS is the author of *Keep the Home Fires Burning: Pragmatism in the First World War*, 1977.

ROBERT HEWISON's *Under Siege*, a study of British Literature in the 1940s, was published in 1978. Its sequel *In Anger* is due to appear shortly.

R. V. HOLDSWORTH's edition of Middleton and Rowley's *A Fair Quarrel* was published in 1974.

SHURLEY JONES is a lecturer in French at University College London.

PETER KEMP's critical study *H. G. Wells and the Chillingham Age* will be published by Macmillan this year.

PAUL KERNBY's books include *The Rise and Fall of British Naval Mastery*, 1976.

RICHARD KIDDERLEY is a Fellow of St Anthony's College, Oxford.

HOWARD N. LUTTWAK is Senior Fellow at the Georgetown Center for Strategic Studies. His most recent book is *Strategy and Politics: Collected Essays*, 1980.

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STEPHEN CHILL is a Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

ALAN NOVE is Professor of Economics at the University of Glasgow. His books include *Stalinism and After*, 1976, and *Political Economy and Soviet Socialism*, 1979.

A city of the mind

By Philip Gardner

poem, *The Ship's Orchestra*, first published in 1966. This, like *The Cut Pages*, is a work "written on a principle of unpredictability": that is (to turn the avant-garde into the old hat), a kind of modified surrealism, in which many individual passages make sense but most are hermetically sealed from the others. Fisher had not had the distraction of a real voyage before he wrote the poem, but one wonders whether he had read the ship—and sometimes the lifeboat—novels of James Hanley, or Hanley's long interior monologue *The Welsh Sonnet*. The effect of *The Ship's Orchestra* is that of some play for disembodied voices on the Third Programme: well-voiced in its way, flatteringly taxing to undergo, but likely to make the audience exist long puzzled.

That would be a pity. Even though Fisher seems to distrust critics (note the quiet deadness of "Cryles Can Bleed"), and in his poem "The Making of the Book" describes poetry's purpose as "constantly to set up little empires", he also sets poetry as having a more positive function. "A poem", he said in his 1973 interview, "has business to exist . . . If there's a reasonable chance that somebody may have his perceptions re-arranged by having read it", and the reader entering this volume soon finds this happening to him in Fisher's first long poem *City* (originally published in 1961 but more revised for his Fulcrum volume of *Collected Poems* of 1968). Its use of interspersed prose passages, and its location, a Birmingham "which has already turned into a city of the mind", anticipates the Geoffrey Hill of *Meridian Hymns*, in which King Offa is among other things presented in modern dress as "overlord of the MS".

It was partly his long physical association with Birmingham that kept Fisher out of the "mainstream" of post-war British poetry and differentiated him from many poets of or near his own generation who were born in the provinces (like Philip Larkin and Ted Hughes) but who went to Oxford or Cambridge and moved on to other parts of the country to work. Fisher, born in Birmingham and educated there, later taught in his home area and even now lives only forty miles from it. *City* is really an impersonal requiem for Fisher's home town, a nineteenth-century industrial creation altered and emptied by the war, and not yet ready to put on the post-war identity decreed for it by planners. The scene, a ghost-like palimpsest of buildings and people, present and past, was one which no other poet had thought to record:

The river shudders as dawn drains on its culvert;
On the first bus nightworkers sleep, or stare
At boardings that look out on yesterday.
The whale-back hill assumes its concrete city;
The white-flanked towers, the stillborn monuments;
The thousand golden offices, untenanted.

The tone, a curious yet moving detachment, is characteristic of Fisher; but the rhythm has yet to take on the hardness one finds in his spare, mature verse. It is the prose passages, which look forward to that; and they also transmit a sense, sharp and elusive at once, of the transfiguring of the ordinary, and an uncertainty about that transfiguring, which I take to be Fisher's most valuable "subversion" of the reader's way of looking at the world:

I come quite often now upon a sort of ecstasy, a ray of light blowing among the things I know, making me feel I am not the one for whom it was intended, that I have inadvertently been looking through another's eyes and have seen what I cannot receive (. . .) The light keeps on separating the world like a table-knife: it sweeps across what I see and suggests what I do not. The Imaginary comes to me

with as much force as the real, the remembered with as much force as the immediate.

The influence of William Carlos Williams, together with a shared response to place and to the visual, links Fisher with Charles Tomlinson and Basil Bunting; and in the 1960s he moved towards more open forms and generally spikier, if not always short, poems. "In Touch" specifically invokes Williams's *Pictures from Brueghel* "to see what ways Doc Williams had of taking off into a poem", and in his 1973 interview Fisher stated that, if he had to adopt "any poetic slogan", Williams's doctrine "No ideas but in things" would be it. In "The Memorial Fountain" he describes himself as a "realist", who is "working" to distinguish an event from an opinion, and he pursues this self-denying occupation through a number of spare sequences which (together with *City*) are his most important and original contribution to post-war British poetry: "Matrix"; the sixteen (once twenty-seven) Birmingham poems called "Handsworth Liberties"; the more recent, more mellow "Wonders of Obligation"; and the earlier group, set on the North Devon-Somerset border, entitled "Glenhomme Poems". A quotation from one of these may serve to demonstrate how Fisher's cool search for concreteness and objectivity can transcend itself, becoming an intense, perfect blend of observer and "thing" observed:

Pillars of smoke
rose coloured
white
smoke fans
flat burner flames
suddenly displayed
on silver squares
All that
is Glamorgan
Celestial Aberthaw
breaking above the haze

a dozen miles across channel

The achievement of such moments of vision, the floating of "real" things into a fictive world, is for Fisher fraught with difficulty. At the end of "Glenhomme Poems" he fears that things seen "are already three parts ideal", and in "Wooden encounter Bartolomeo Scala, Secretary of the Florentine Republic during the Quattrocento, who 'had got richer and richer and more and more gouty, after the manner of successful mortality'. At the end of *Middlemarch*, we hear of Lydgate's decline into prosperous Victorian mediocrity, once he had written "a treatise on Gout, a disease which has a good deal of wealth on its side". These passages fix the image of a malady befitting the well-to-do: more important, they define the historical limits within which gout was to make its greatest impact on human affairs.

The high noon of this heyday may be said to occur in England around 1750 to 1800. Later in this article, I shall take most of my examples from this period; but some ground needs to be cleared first. Astonishingly, there is no full-scale history of the subject, clinical or cultural—in any language, so far as I can discover. References to gout are scattered through any number of works on medical and social history; but the references simply lie there, nicely spaced and intact, like some untroubled Cyclopes in the rough waters of scholarship. Here I shall be attempting what might be called the first cultural epidemiology of gout. It follows that some historical background will be required, even though it must be cursory and selective.

It has been established from Egyptian burial chambers that a condition which would now be diagnosed as gout existed in the second millennium BC. According to some commentators the malady of Asa, King of Israel, who was "diseased in his feet" (2 Chronicles 16), should be identified with gout, but this can be no more than tradition. There are references in writers of classical antiquity, including Ovid, Seneca and Varro, who prescribed cabbage as a sovereign remedy. Hippocrates had noted that women in Greece did not succumb to the disease, or not before the menopause. This seems a reliable finding, but for some reason hard to fathom it did not, in Seneca's observation, apply to Rome. Gibbon mentions one or two celebrated sufferers; but you could write a full bibliography of ancient civilizations without spending much time on gout.

With the Renaissance, all this changes. The malady struck Medici and Habsburg Imperially. There is in Florence the unfortunate Piero II Ottolengo (1416-69), who survives first as father of Lorenzo the Magnificent and second by virtue of his own soldierly cognomen. A century later, the Emperor Charles V came to await his death at Yuste monastery in remote Extremadura. He had suffered the first ravages of gout at the age of twenty-eight, and had then endured severe attacks on average once every two years. By 1558 he was a cripple, scarcely able to walk or to walk. His inordinate appetite had contributed to the onset of the disease. A major-domo quoted to him the saying, "Gout is cured through the mouth" (one of many unavailing proverbs on the subject), but he would never be cured. Moreover, his son Philip II was bequeathed the ailment, though not the Empire. In his own last days, Philip sat in the gloomy caverns of the Escorial, his foot raised up high on a stool and whilst he transacted business he ate and drank. A generation later it was William III, whose first attack took place in his late thirties. During the next few years he was compelled to take to his bed, sometimes for as long as six weeks at a stretch. He was the more troubled by his symptoms since he kept, no less, had drawn his horoscope and predicted that he would die of venereal disease—a condition not always accurately distinguished in contemporary physic.

These cases are exceptional, because they concern "men" of such prominence. Nevertheless, they are not misleading, for gout came more and more to intervene in the course of public life. Campaigns were interrupted; in the case of Queen Anne, Parliament was prorogued for a crucial extra period; these were reassessed and resolutions taken. Nothing ever caused so many fresh leaves to be turned over. Gout did come more and more to the evangelists to make people in middle ages alter their way of living. This was not entirely a matter of diet or exercise either. Increasingly, through the modern history, the onset of gout came to appear a major turning-point in life. This is plainly connected with the facts

that it is a malady of the mature (but not senile); that it afflicts the historically dominant sex; and that malnutrition is one of the few reliable prophylactics—which ruling-class disability. All these tendencies were to find their fullest expression in the eighteenth century, and in Britain above all.

Gout is a hereditary metabolic disorder characterized by the deposit of sodium urate on the joints, normally by means of a regular progression from the extremities. Modern research has shown the necessity in treatment of combating the build-up of purine elements, that is the crystalline solid (CH₂N₄) derived from uric acid. In earlier ages the term "gout" was applied rather vaguely to a wide range of allied medical conditions. It was not until around 1600 that French physicians established a satisfactory distinction from rheumatism, and indeed the wholly different etiology of the two illnesses did not prevent confusion for two centuries more. A number of

typologies were devised, such as "regular" (joints only) and "irregular" (spreading to other organs); "flying gout", where the pain migrated seemingly without cause from one part of the body to another (this was diagnosed in the case of George III); "poor man's gout", caused by an excess of meat liquors; and, moving away from the condition narrowly defined, in *goutte militaire, la goutte saturnique* (lead poisoning), "Spanish gout" (syphilis), "falling gout" (epilepsy). Leaving aside the freer metaphorical usages, it is evident that no great precision in the term had arrived by the time of Johnson's *Dictionary*. "The arthritis: a periodical disease attended with great pain."

The symptoms with which medicine had to wrestle for many hundreds of years are most notably these. First, a sudden onset, generally quite early in adult life, with a sharp pain localized in the toes or sometimes the thumb. A survey conducted in the early part of this century fixed the incidence of the disease as occurring most frequently in the thirties, less often in the twenties, then the forties. The legend that gout is a penalty of old age has long been current; it is more memorably enshrined in Flaubert's remark, "A man can no more separate age and gout than he can separate age and gout." Similarly, the author of *A Tale of Two Cities* considers the judicial bench fit "for the Repose of old and gouty Limbs". But the facts show otherwise; and my own sample of nearly fifty eighteenth-century cases tallies with the later research. The sufferer may survive into old age, but that is another matter.

Second, gout is overwhelmingly a male disorder. A minute proportion of women sufferers are recorded. Whether Queen Anne is one of the rare exceptions is problematic, although the onset of the illness in her thirties and its passage from feet and hands to knees (especially) and elbows does suggest that hers is an authentic case. The male factor involved is "body

chemistry, preventing the build-up of uric acid in women. Again, the hereditary element, which is still not fully understood, may mean that there is also a differential in terms of genetic transmission. (One might add that some women writers, including Mrs Pendarves, later Delany, and Mrs Piozzi, had to spend a great deal of time caring for gout-racked husbands.)

The third problem: the fitful nature of the illness. Gout was one of the more arbitrary disorders in the way it came and went. Long periods of quiescence meant that sufferers could harbour the hope that the malady had spontaneously cured itself; and indeed a scattering of such occurrences is recorded.

Fourth, there is the virtual absence of anything resembling a panacea for gout. A series of hopeless provisos confirms the inefficacy of medicine until very recent times. "A la goutte le médecin ne voit goutte!"—variously anglicized. "Drink wine and have the gout; drink no wine, and have the

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rusticating in Tonnerre, suffering from gout which he attributed to the lack of fresh air and exercise he suffered in his new role as a woman. Certainly it is the active spirits who seem to escape the malady; Casanova, who survived smallpox, pneumonia, bladder trouble and sword injuries, or Da Ponte, whose mere coaching accidents were enough to kill off three lesser mortals.

Literature is full of the subject. Gil Blas begins as a quack in Valladolid, by ministering to a gouty pastry-cook. Matthew Bramble opens *Flanaghan's Clunker* with an account of his lameness, and it is in quest of relief from gout, amongst other things, that he sets out on his travels to Bristol Hotwells and to Bath. Not fancifully, Bramble sees Bath as a "national hospital". More than any other of the great spas, it was adapted to the halt and the lame. Its waters had no greater virtue in this regard than those of Baden-Baden, Karlsbad or Spa. But where other resorts attracted consumptives, asthmatics or the dropsical, in Bath you always found the steep slopes cluttered with invalid carriages. There were Bath-chairs before Malvern had got its pumps well into operation, and long before Leamington had spread its terraces across the gentler undulations beside a more sluggish Avon.

As for poetry, Lady Winchelsea contrives a fable of the gout and the spider, written after her husband had suffered his first attack. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, it may be recalled, wished her enemies not dead but "give them the gout" — she possibly had her husband in mind. Pope finds a neat simile: "So, when small humours gather to a gout, The Doctor fancies he has driv'n 'em out", whilst in the *Verses on the Death of Dr Swift* his friend summons up a comical picture of indifference to the adversity of others:

Dear honest Ned is in the Gout,
Lies rackt with Pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the Case is not your own!

There is quite a lot of other people's gout scattered through the pages of the *Journal to Stella*, and generally Swift seems able to bear the misfortunes of his friends with tolerable equanimity. His squeamishness was attached to a kind of attitude: "The queen is well, but . . . I am told she has sometimes the gout in her bowels [I hate the word *bowels*]."

Later in the century, Cowper makes a familiar point in *The Task*:

O may I live exempted (which I live
Guiltless of pangs) of appetite obscene)
From pangs arthritic, that infect the toe
Of libertine excess. The soft suits
The gouty limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,
Though on a Sofa, may I never feel . . .

The adjective "gouty" came to be used in an extended sense, to mean feeble or paralytic. When Dr Burney finds the execution of a keyboard or string player deficient, he is liable to contrast their "gouty" fingers with the "strong hand" of an able executant. On his tours he seems to have met few gouty composers, although one exception is the German master class, living in his old age in Vienna. It was incidentally this extended sense which allowed Byron to full punning effect in his lines on Southey in *The Vision of Judgement*:

He stuck fast with his first beamster,
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.
The sense is not just "worn-out", but "afflicted into ineffectuality. By this date, gout had a whole panoply of cultural implications, on which Byron's epistole gleefully trades.

In a fine passage, W. S. Lewis has evoked some of the hidden undertones of the concept:

It is at once common and mysterious. It is given a title, "the". Quacks flourish by it and all classes of society take their nostrums. The great object of its treatment is to drive it into the extremities, for it is neither in the head or stomach, all is over. . . . The gout is a factor in the national life, not only because of its assaults upon leading ministers of state at moments of crisis, but because of its invasion of men's very souls. It is here and there, a spirit of fire, to be courted and defied, attacked and appeased. The eighteenth century is like Chilton crouching in terror as it waits for the gout to break it with old cramps and fill all its bones with aches. But cruel and capricious as the gout is, it has one sovereign merit: It is jealous of all other diseases and drives them away. This is why we find the gout spoken of with a certain affection.

This tendency is well illustrated in Swift's poem entitled *Dr's Bitchery*:

As if this gout should seize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead.
But if they see, by all their arts,
Effect to the extremities, they say,
They give the sick man joy, and praise
The gout that will prolong his days.

But it is not the only way in which the Hanoverians managed to look on the bright side of gout. Defoe's Colonel Jack even speaks of the "Benefit of a violent fit of the Gout, which (as is allowed by most People), clears the Head, restores the Memory, and qualifies us to make the most . . . useful Remarks upon our own Actions." This idea of gout as purgative seldom appears in such an explicit form, but it underlines other things which people felt about the malady.

The cultural meaning of gout is related to five separate issues. First, the illness regularly struck those who had been of a robust constitution: this was evident in the well-publicized case of Henry Fielding. It was therefore no malady of milksoops, but a good kind of roast-beef disorder. A corollary was that gout made its most visible impact on the energetic and successful sectors of Hanoverian society. A related point is that one suffered at home. Patients were generally laid up for a month or so, but it was pointless for them to submit themselves to the dubious ministrations of hospitals — for no effective surgery had (or has) been devised. This meant that gout was happily absent from the birth of the clinic. Bath was a kind of walking, or limping, hospital; but in general the gout-stricken carried on their normal lives, with periods of incarceration at home. They kept outside the invalid ghetto.

Second, the fact that the complaint had a hereditary basis rendered it in some respects more distinguished. It made sense in the wider configuration of values and attitudes, which helped to form the Augustan ethos. Some awaited the onset of gout as a full confirmation of having come into their heritage. In the first plate of Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*, we see the Earl with a pedigree draped at his left side and a gout-stool positioned beneath his right foot. Similarly in *Black House* Sir Leicester Dedlock

receives the gout as a troublesome demon, but still a demon of the patrician order. . . . The Dedlock family have communicated something exclusive, even to the levelling process of dying, by dying of their own family gout. It has come down, through the illustrious line, like the plate or the pictures, or the place in Lincolnshire. It is among their dignities.

The fact that the illness was almost exclusively confined to men also has obvious cultural bearings. In a world which operated in such a pervasively and often unconsciously sexist way, this circumstance must have made gout appear more "serious" — something to set against the range of gynaecological disorders with which women were so irritatingly beset. Again, it meant that the gout could be seen as the mark of power, prosperity and a privileged situation in the social order. And, unlike pox, it was not contracted as a result of sexual congress.

A further consideration is that since lack of exercise was seen to predispose sufferers to the disease, it became identified in some measure as most incident to those working with their brains. Hence, perhaps, the whim of authors who felt its affliction — of whom more presently. It was a more satisfactory complaint for an intellectual than melancholia, which was hard to distinguish from the spleen of jaded aristocrats or the vapours of an affected young miss. A later French physician gave us his remedy for gout the formula "Faites-le à bête et reposez à l'ête". There is something so irresistibly flattering in the notion of living in defiance of this rule that gout acquired a patina of sophistication and even (in a dignified Hanoverian way) decadence.

Lastly, the idea, already encountered in Defoe, that gout can be a purgative illness acquired greater currency after the famous episodes involving the elder Pitt. At his first moment of triumph in 1757, he had been laid up with particularly severe attacks; at the very height of the Seven Years War, it is said, he planned strategy from his sick-bed. When the Duke of Newcastle arrived to confer with him in the unheated room, the chill was such that the Duke crept into a ministerial state at moments of crisis, but because of its invasion of men's very souls. It is here and there, a spirit of fire, to be courted and defied, attacked and appeased. The eighteenth century is like Chilton crouching in terror as it waits for the gout to break it with old cramps and fill all its bones with aches. But cruel and capricious as the gout is, it has one sovereign merit: It is jealous of all other diseases and drives them away. This is why we find the gout spoken of with a certain affection.

In combination, these factors produced a climate of opinion in which the illness did not seem such a bad thing after all. There is a perpetual determination in the eighteenth century to see gout as a blessing in disguise. Wrongly, it is thought to be the preserve of the superior classes: far, though inadequate diet must have made its incidence lower among poorer people, some of their "rheumatic" weaknesses were identical with the gout enjoyed by their betters. Moreover, there is widespread agreement

during the period that the presence of gout means the absence of other, potentially more fatal, conditions.

It is surely not hard to discern the reasons for such amiable self-delusion. Class prejudice is flattered, the social hierarchy is vindicated by the very facts of medical practice, the prevailing mores are underlined by vital statistics. Above all, to concentrate on this relatively innocuous disease — occasioning pain and inconvenience, but not in the normal course of events anything like fatal; a mark of maturity, but not of senile imbecility — made it easier to ignore less accommodable disorders. In a society which had no cure for scourges such as tuberculosis it was consoling to have this more placable enemy. With smallpox not yet wiped out, typhus always liable to mount a violent epidemic, bubonic plague still a threat to be taken seriously, venereal disease all too visibly rife in the population — in such a world, with limited aid from physic and no proper sanitary control, it was a boon to find a complaint which observed such a decent manner of proceeding. The suffering individual might cry, "I am not ague-proof", but gout was a form of invulnerability.

All these observations could be documented from the literary men and women of the age. For example, we find Sir William Jones writing to a correspondent in 1777: "I hope Lord Spencer is free from pain, which is the only evil of the gout, and an evil it certainly is. . . in other respects, I am told, persons, who have that disorder, have higher spirits and better health." Other sufferers included Fielding, Garrick, Congreve, Lord Orrery and the father of Joshua Reynolds (besides the father of Robinson Crusoe). Sydney Smith had

Beware the stuffed animals

By Redmond O'Hanlon

KENNETH HUDSON:
The Good Museums Guide
277pp, Macmillan, £10.
0 333 28549 2

Turn to the entries under Venice in Kenneth Hudson and Ann Nicholls's magnificent earlier work *The Directory of Museums* (published by Macmillan in 1975) and you will find — besides the names and addresses and opening times of the Doge's Palace and the Treasury of the Basilica San Marco, besides a clear listing of the contents of thirty-one other more or less familiar art galleries and museums — the *Cadavero* Morgante. Collection, the *Entomology* and the *Megoliolo* Collections, containing, respectively, Italian beetles, Italian and Mediterranean beetles, and just plain beetles, none of which may be admired without an appointment.

The same order of painstaking erudition is found in their entries for around 22,000 other institutions across the world. The book is witty, compendious, concise, accurate, relatively cheap. But there are, nevertheless, particularly in the introduction to the section on Great Britain, one or two ominous pointers to the future design of *The Good Museums Guide*:

A museum must make sense by today's standards. It is not merely something, but a lot to offer to people of all ages and educational backgrounds, who are used to television styles, who are not afraid to be brutally rude when they are not interested. . . . It is probably true to say that the people who have done more than anybody else to push

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several attacks, one of which reached from him "as a ballist from the house of an half-pay captain) dissatisfied, and terrified by the powers of calicheum." Horace Walpole is a particularly fully documented case. His first sudden attack took place in 1760, when he was forty-three. Thereafter his letters are seldom long without some kind of reference. Characteristically, he described it as "unfair" (that one of his puny and delicate constitution, living a temperate life, should contract this malady).

If either my father or my mother had had it, I should not dislike it so much. I am herald enough to approve it if descended genealogically; but it is an absolute upstart in me. . . . Another plague is, that everybody that ever knew anybody that had it, is so good as to come with advice, and direct me how to manage it; that is, how to contrive to have it for a great many years.

Samuel Johnson had no recorded attack until he reached the age of sixty-seven, which is exceptionally late. In a letter to Thrale he speaks of creeping about and hanging (on the furniture?) "by both hands". There follows the typical coda: "I enjoy all the dignity of lameness. I receive ladies and dismiss them sitting. *Painful preeminence*." A year before his death, Johnson underwent another bout. Like others of his age, he was happy to see gout represented "as an antagonist to the palsy"; that is the strokes which he had now come to dread. Like Walpole, he was puzzled to note that neither of his parents had been sufferers, so that it was his "own acquisition".

Finally, there is the case of Benjamin Franklin. I have not traced the onset of the illness, but it was certainly well in evidence by the mid-1770s, when Franklin was

and haul British museums into the modern world are those once (but no longer) scorned Dukes and Earls, who have learnt how to become impresarios of their great mansions and estates.

After a breathy introduction congratulating itself upon introducing such a pioneering work and explaining defensively that "since in the last resort it is the public who pays, it seemed not unreasonable, in researching the *Guide*, to let the public have its say", we are launched into an alphabetical list, town by town, of the four hundred museums which "measured up to the high standards set by Kenneth Hudson". These high standards admit, it should be said at once, the LVC Museum and Art Gallery, Banks, near Brampton, Cumbria, where "LVC stands for Li Yuan-Chia, the founder and owner." It is a converted farmhouse. Its collection comprises 20th century paintings and local and oriental antiquities; yet they exclude, for instance, the Wallace Collection, and the extension of the British Museum (Natural History) at Tring.

Under the heading "Why they didn't make it" at the back of the book, giving reasons for the exclusion of (unnamed) museums and informing us that "the goodness or badness of a museum is as complex and subtle an affair as the goodness or badness of a human being", we may find comfort for our disapproval by guessing at the reasons, before we decide to congratulate the museums concerned upon their lucky escape. Can it have been the Wallace Collection which was left out on the grounds of "toilets closed for repairs (South-East)" or "lighting marred by Woolworths lamp-shades", or merely "publications counter had run out of guidebooks", or even because the "man at the counter appeared shell-shocked by school parties"? Could

the Collection be just "horrible, rank with the average French provincial museum" or suffer from the charge that "the period rooms are too formal to be realistic and not detailed enough to be informative"? At least it cannot be one rejected because it "suffers from a clapped-out curator", since that is "South-West".

As for the British Museum (Natural History) at Tring, it may have received a visit from the very same "reporter" who was sent to the Hancock Museum (Newcastle's natural history museum, run jointly by the University and the Natural History Society of Northumbria), and who wrote to tell Hudson, who in turn actually saw fit to bother us with the opinion, that "some of the stuffed animals were very frightening and would scare many children".

Faced with over 260 of "our reporters", all volunteers, their initials after each brief descriptive entry for each museum, a demotic list of their names at the back of the book properly shorn of all qualifications they might possibly have had for the task just to show how very ordinary and public they are, the smile tends to mummify above one's jaw. Shaw's house at Ayot St Lawrence is a "pleasant place to bring one's friends, especially from abroad" and this is "the tribute that even Ayot St Lawrence is place in the *Guide*", whereas at Jane Austen's house "who had never heard of her previously might wonder what it was all about".

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nearly 70. A bad attack at Passy towards the end of 1780 led him to compose his amusing "Diptych" between Franklin and the Gout, dated "midnight, 22 October 1780". Madison Chaut reproaches her victim with his failure to observe promises regarding exercise. She even castigates his fondness for sitting down after dinner at the chess-board. I cannot say there is anything in this line of diagnostic thinking, except that the musician and chess-player Philidor was another martyr to the disease. But the most indicative passage is the following: "Is it not I who, in the character of your physician, have saved you from the palsy, dropsy, and apoplexy? one or other of which would have done for you long ago, but for me". Here is the fullest expression of medical transference: gout actually becomes *physician*. Since doctors were not very good at dealing with conditions such as dropsy, it was marvellously self-regulating in a Newtonian or Leibnizian way to find that gout could do a job, and without the payment of fees. (Turgot wrote to Condorcet that his gout had not destroyed his belief in final causes.)

In the nineteenth century, gout could no longer claim this happy pre-eminence among pains. The valedictorian lost case: Matthew Bramble subsided into Jos Sedley, trawling forlorn and fat round Abbe-Chapelle or Joey Bagstock wedding his pitiful way up and down the streets of Leamington. Gout was left to the care of men on the make, like Lydgate; it was a remunerative but low-profile activity, much as is tending to the rich matrons of Florida today. Of course, gout survived into the Victorian era and does so right up to the present; but it was never again to be such a culturally approved malady — merely a painful one.

The new work contains a great deal of information, with a mass of detail efficiently compressed and clearly presented. It will be an invaluable reference work for persons seriously wishing to know more about modern Poland and not having the time or the linguistic competence to go to the original sources. However, there are some serious gaps which must be briefly stated before a separate consideration of each of the four sections, whose authors, to quote the editor's preface, "express opinions which are entirely their own".

The first gap is the absence of a full bibliography. Two pages of "select bibliography" consisting only of titles in English are of little use. Admittedly many of the non-English sources used are quoted in twenty-two pages of notes in small print. An ideal reader who immediately looks up every reference and notes the source might manage, but ordinary mortals compelled to chase references back until the first mention, with full particulars, is found, are bound to be exasperated. Of the limited public which this book could reach, quite a large proportion will consist of persons who have some knowledge of Polish and a serious knowledge of the history of Poland or neighbouring countries, or a thorough knowledge of Polish and a marginal interest in history. For them, titles in Polish have no horror, and it is a great pity that the Cambridge University Press felt unable to include these.

The second, more important gap is the astonishing paucity of attention paid to the role of the Catholic Church in Polish life in these 120 years of history. Mr Pelczynski, faced with the sensational assertion of Catholic loyalties since 1945, may be partly exempted from this criticism. In the other three sections hardly a word is spared for this pervasive influence in Polish society and culture, which was perhaps not prominently visible in political life in the narrowest sense yet indirectly affected it profoundly during both Partition and Independence.

Another gap is the lack of any systematic discussion of the Jewish problem. If the Jews were — as was the case at least in the more important regions — Polish-speaking Polish citizens of Mosiac faith, and numbered during independence over three millions, they deserved more attention. There is repeated mention of antisemitism, which is not with due disparagement, but its causes — ideological, social, economic — though not entirely ignored, are nowhere thoroughly analysed. The same may be said of the Ukrainian minority in the independent period, as well as of relations between Poles and Ukrainians in the Russian and Austrian empires before 1918. These are mentioned from time to time, but no clear picture emerges. One might argue that the picture was in fact seldom clear, and that the sources are poor, but these points should not be exaggerated. A good deal more can be known, not only in Ukrainian but also in German, Russian, Polish and even English sources, that appears to have been used.

Professor Leslie's section is usefully informative on political attitudes and the formation of political parties, especially of the various factions in Polish socialism. He is strong also on the distribution of land between different categories of rural owners, though less so on the living conditions of industry and of industrial workers, as well as on literacy and school attendance, but little to say about the process of transformation of immigrants to the cities into a working class, or about the content of the education with which the Russian, Prussian and Austrian rulers supplied their Polish subjects.

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Poland during these fifty years was a most distressful country, few opportunities were given to leading Poles to improve either the material welfare or the cultural autonomy of their compatriots (though more in Austria than elsewhere), and such opportunities as occurred were often missed. Even so, one is impressed by Leslie's inability to say anything good of virtually any one. The protagonists in his account are not persons but abstractions — "the propertied classes", "the lower middle class", "the masses". These undefined, and barely defined, abstractions are made to do, feel and think things, as if they had unified collective minds. Almost everything that polleilons do is represented as attributable to base motives of narrow class interest or personal ambition. If they refuse changes they are reactionary; if they bring them about it is solely from fear of the masses. The two outstanding Polish figures, Pilsudski and Dmowski, are given rather short shrift. In particular, Pilsudski appears a concealed snob, no good as a revolutionary, as a socialist, as a soldier or as a patriot. Surely there is more to be said than this? Readers are shown the wars, denied the all.

Mr Polonsky's chapters are more balanced. His quoted sources are almost exactly divided between three categories — Polish between the wars, Polish since 1945 published in Poland, and Polish or Western published outside Poland since 1945. He is also among the contributors in using material in German. His account of the political groups, crises and personalities of the independence period is both lucid and fair. Incidentally, Pilsudski in consequence emerges in a more favourable light in these years — which were the years of his degeneration into a peevish and at times crafty dictator — than in Leslie's chapters covering his heroic period.

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Antisemitic fascist groups did exist, but their following was virtually confined to the urban middle classes, especially — and (ruhl) — to university students. They were unable to win mass support away from the socialist and the peasant party, whose leaders, though they may at times have expressed irritation with Jews, always rejected fascism and always refused political antisemitism. Why was that? Why should Polish socialists and peasant leaders have been more humane, than Romanian or Hungarian ones, and why should Polish workers and peasants not have deserted these parties, the misery of the economic depression, in

R. F. LESLIE (Editor):
The History of Poland Since 1863
506pp, Cambridge University Press, £25.
0 521 22645 7

This collective work may perhaps be regarded as in some sense a continuation of the *Cambridge History of Poland*, whose second volume appeared in 1941. That was an excellent work in its day, but more research has been done since then, chiefly in Poland itself, and that country has experienced another forty years of history.

The appearance of this new book is thus timely. It has four authors, R. F. Leslie, the most eminent and longest established British historian of Poland, known for his works on the insurrections of 1830 and 1863, here covers the period from 1863 to 1914. The Great War and the period of independence, 1914 and 1939, are entrusted to Antony Polonsky, who previously published a longer history of Poland between the wars. The author of the four chapters on the conquest, occupation and resistance in the Second World War and the subsequent imposition of a new regime by Soviet arms is Jan Ciechanowski, author of an important and controversial book on the Warsaw Rising of 1944, in which he personally took part. The post-war history of Poland is covered by Z. A. Pelczynski, an Oxford political scientist with special knowledge of Polish affairs. All four authors are thus extremely well qualified for their tasks.

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Collaboration and insurrection

By Hugh Seton-Watson

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The acceptance world

By Ronald Blythe

THEA THOMPSON
Edwardian Childhoods
232 pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £9.75.
0 7100 0676 4

Introducing her meticulous and wise book, Thea Thompson reminds us of how very little has been done in the way of actual research into the social history of childhood. Even this study did not originate in a plan to examine childhood itself but is partly a by-product of a Social Science Research Council project called "Family Life and Work Experience before 1918", which was carried out by a group of interviewers, and of a second project called "Middle and Upper Class Families 1890-1920", which was undertaken by Mrs Thompson herself. Five of the book's turn-of-the-century childhoods emerged from the first of the studies, four from the second. Mrs Thompson's welding of these little lives into something as unfragmented, eloquent and impressive as *Edwardian Childhoods* says as much for her sensibility as for her skill as an oral historian. Casebook-style is minimal, there is a kind of tender objectivity, and the mating of certain statements with the information offered by old photographs makes many sharp points.

As befits its title, the social arrangement is vertical, with the boys and girls strung out between gutter (more or less) and palace (comparatively), between Tommy Morgan, fluttering from perch to perch in the London rookeries with his "big drinker" parents, and the future Lady Altrincham, daughter

and wife of Empire governors, who went to a Sunday School given "by the Duchess of Bedford for the little neglected children of the rich". Between these top and bottom rungs, for example, the Essex farm-boy, Annie Wilson from the Nottingham terrace, and Florence Atherton, whose parents exchanged roles, her father being "mother" in domestic terms.

Annie is a rung-less child, really, owing to her parents' mixed-class and mixed-faith marriage. Her account of these years shows her socially isolated in a very unusual way. There were varieties of poverty, she says, and hers was "genteel poverty". Next to her comes Geoffrey the mill-owner's son, who would by rights have been much further up the ladder, but the mill had collapsed and with it all that he was brought up to expect, and so he had to struggle on a level which didn't fit his outlook or his accent. Henry Vigne, born in 1898, is the stockbroker's son. The disadvantage here - had it touched him in any way, which it did not - was the chiefly Victorian divide which arose between the gentry and the businessmen. Henry's family being a compress of aristocrats, gentry and stockbrokers, and his own nature being sanguine, he comes through as the very nice, direct, and none too clever lad who, if he lacked much awareness of the inequalities of his world also lacked side. Esther Stokes, the seventh child born in 1895, did react to what her philanthropic mother showed her - sweated industry, half-made and half-starved children - and there is a noticeable growing enrichment in the story she gives of her girlhood which seems from her being brought up in a rather closed family ethos (they were upper-class Roman Catholics with their own chapel),

and from radical politics.

Jack Yorke was born into the old Yorkshire country gentry and might be said, like Osbert Sitwell but with a different curriculum, to have received his true education at home during the holidays from Eton. His boyhood was one of learning to do the right thing by man and beast as the price for being able to run free on the broad family estates. He is racy and his tale is crammed with a protocol which has been elevated into a morality. He shares, too, with all the other characters Mrs Thompson has chosen, a simplicity, even a transparency, which seems still to contain something of childhood itself. What makes her book so exceptional is that, by getting these nine old men and women to talk about their early years, she and her fellow interviewers have sometimes caught, as well as a full haul of social information, the clear early voice.

Although, as she says, "class is not the only factor that influences the experience of childhood", it is the dominating and inescapable factor here. Religion, which should be beyond it, is particularly bound up with it. Because of the structure of the questioning everybody speaks in strong class terms. Having given their parents' occupations and addresses and details of their own education, they find themselves back in the original class alley which limited and prescribed what they saw and heard until they grew up. Even though most of them know that conditions and manners haven't been like this for many decades, talking about them has a strange power to resurrect in the most vivid detail what hurt, what comforted, and what did neither but was just a way of doing things. Intriguingly and movingly, the narrator frequently transcends what he is

being asked to tell and all the social detail takes second place to an individuality which so much disciplined recollection allows us to see in the most compelling light.

Such is the childhood of Annie Wilson, who was interviewed by Jenn Jacobs in 1971. Her mother was a chequerer, or embroiderer of flowers and other motifs on stockings, a type of beautiful clocking. She was seventeen when she was married to her eighteen-year-old husband, who came of a long line of home-based hosiery workers and whose entire life was threatened when, after his father's death, his mother returned the frame on which the garments were made to the factory. Both young parents were illiterate, and their children used to guide their hands when they needed to write their names. They brought up their family in intense privacy - "Don't make neighbours", her mother advised Annie. The fracturing of her parents' domestic home, the letting in of her own genteel understanding light on the simplicity and apprehension of their marriage and toil, releases this speaker. She tells us, with the innocence of someone who doesn't know that the subject has ever been mentioned before, how the unprotected workers protected their offspring.

All nine speakers also give a great deal of information on the 1895-1914 period which is not restricted to childhood and which, because of the enormous amount of autobiography and fiction covering this time, is very familiar. But this is right. Childhood exists in scenes and circumstances which the grown-ups have created and which they control. Again, the interviewing was so constructed as to encourage the giving of the maximum number of sociological facts. But Mrs Thompson's sensitive ear catches far

more than these, and *Edwardian Childhoods* is especially memorable for its unflinching of what are really adult assessments of events which occurred to each speaker before he or she was sixteen. Each reveals, in very different ways, some historical knowledge of these years.

Rich or poor, Edwardian children lived on a very small scale, and reading (it feels like listening to) this contemporary group is struck by the total absence of the unprejudiced changes which lay ahead. The feeling of having to go over all this old stuff, ground is disturbing. It throws up some of the causes of the failures of the present, and stresses how little we have by way of choice during our formative years. Though what inheritor these Edwardians were, whether of poverty or wealth! There was no dodging of what was waiting for you. Each tells, in effect, gives an inventory of everything he was obliged to accept. Mother and father head the list.

The inner life of these children, their spiritual, their emotional and imaginative development, was either unrecorded or unrecordable by the study's sociological methods, for although every one of them allows glimpses of the inner life to show when talking of other matters, no realisation is made to recapture it. Their religion is more than a sectarian docketing, their friendships and sexuality remain hidden and all the powerful imaginary part of being young is missing. One of the advantages of being old is that it sometimes lets one have access to this earliest awareness of things, and more might have been said on the subject. This apart, *Edwardian Childhoods* is a remarkable ordering of recollection.

The Metternich years

By S. S. Prawer

FRIEDRICH SENGLE:
Biedermeierzeit
Deutsche Literatur im Spannungsfeld
zwischen Restauration und Revolution,
1815-1848
Volume 3: Die Dichter. 1162pp. Stuttgart:
J. B. Metzler.
4 76 00438 4

Volumes I and II of Sengle's *Biedermeierzeit* were welcomed in the TLS on October 15, 1971 and January 19, 1973; the volume now under review brings to a worthy conclusion a scholarly enterprise of truly heroic dimensions. The literary characteristics of the period between the end of the Napoleonic wars and the revolutions of 1848, which the earlier volumes described and illustrated from an astonishing variety of work and authors, are here traced in the works of fifteen major writers who range from Grillparzer, Mörike and Stifter to the rebellious end, taking in Raimund and Nestoy, Hebel and Grabbe, Platen and Droste, Henckell and Immermann, Goethe and - a welcome surprise - Post/Schaffeld, in between. The vast secondary literature that has grown up around most of these writers is fully taken into account, argued against, or used in support of Sengle's own propositions; and the primary texts are not only analysed and compared with one another, but also again and again allowed to speak for themselves in felicitous, unacknowledged quotation.

"Whoever knows my *Biedermeierzeit*", Sengle tells his readers towards the end of his work, "knows that my own position is neither conservative nor Marxist." Well, Marxist it certainly is not, though like most scholars writing their salt he acknowledges and takes into account the social bases of literature; but it is surely conservative, if that word has any meaning at all. His disapproval of the rebellious young, of recent developments in German literature and scholarship, of journalism and the media as vehicles of literary opinion, of a cultural life that has grown too hectic, is made obvious throughout; and not infrequently he interrupts his loving interpretations of the writings of the Metternich era to draw contemporary lessons. "The question today", he tells us, "is no longer that posed before the 1848 revolution: 'Freedom or Order?' What we have to find today is the correct way to a limited freedom within a bearable order". And again: "Uncritical application of liberal principles leads inevitably to communism or fascism. Anarchy - even a half-way anarchy - leads to dictatorship or order is not supported by extraordinary moral forces".

Social conservatism is matched by literary criticism. Sengle's authors are still authors, not nodal points at which various linguistic and social systems intersect; his readers are still readers, not creators of the works they assimilate; his poems, plays and novels are still poems, plays and novels, standing in recognizable cultural traditions, not *Textsorten* or whatever other fashionable terms and notions came up during the ten or more years in which *Biedermeierzeit* was written. But Sengle, like Burke, is an intelligent conservative - "schon ist schön", he quotes from Nestoy; and it is the union of intelligence

able to think through historiographic problems with sensitivity able to respond to a great variety of literary works which makes *Biedermeierzeit* the critical classic it is surely destined to become.

Sengle's intelligence, sensitivity and industry would be ill-rewarded, however, if future scholars contented themselves with open-mouthed admiration of his achievement. Clearly, there will be much to argue against in the next few years. The *Bücherei der Biedermeierzeit* seems tamer than the *Bücherei* I read and value; Heine is more deeply affected by his Judaism, and more consistent in his development, than he is here given credit for; it does not seem to me as completely nonsensical as Sengle claims to saddle the German Hegelians with some blame for the progress of atheism; "eleganz" will not be the adjective that readily commands itself to most readers of Gutzkow's prefaces; Mörike's poetry contains presentations of passion at least as undisguised as Theodor Storm's; not all Mörike's last poems are as "unpoetical" as Sengle claims; Hugo Wolf is a more congenial composer of *Lieder* based on nineteenth-century texts than would appear from *Biedermeierzeit*; and his services to the appreciation and understanding of Mörike's poetry in non-German countries have exceeded those of any literary critic or expositor. In this third volume, Sengle eloquently defends, against the scholarly tradition in which he himself grew up, the right and the duty of literary critics to make value-judgments. He supports such judgments with historical argument and close analyses of the texture and structure of individual works; but it is inevitable, of course, that every knowledgeable reader will find his own valuations affronted from time to time. This is not a defect, but a virtue of the book. It causes us to defend our own case, to

examine the bases of our judgment, and to seek out arguments at least as convincing as those constantly adduced in this volume.

Among the polemical contentions that abound in *Biedermeierzeit* are many which are clearly designed to discredit the early German Romantics; yet strangely enough, the author's own felicitous union of historical and intrinsic criticism chimes in perfectly with the principles of Friedrich Schlegel - a man hailed by Welck and Eichner as one of the greatest critics of modern times, yet clearly not part of Sengle's own literary pantheon. Sengle's cultural allegiances are to Wieland, of whom he has written a still unsurpassed biography and whom he affectionately calls "Vater Wieland"; to Southern Germany and Austria, whose creative and critical traditions he champions against those of Central and Northern Germany; and to Stifter, who rightly emerges as the classic writer of the *Biedermeier* age. This does not mean, however, that he is unable or unwilling to acknowledge greatness in authors that stand outside some or all of these traditions. His treatment of Heine is thorough, and as fair, as that of Stifter or of Grillparzer, though some of Heine's work is clearly not to his taste.

Some readers will be disappointed at not finding in Sengle's concluding volume a neat definition of the *Biedermeier* era as part of the development of Romanticism in Europe; to see how many elements of the earlier eighteenth century still survived or were deliberately resuscitated between 1815 and 1848; and to distinguish the *Biedermeierzeit* from the period of programmatic Realism and Naturalism which followed. I cannot imagine any historian or student of German literature, or anyone interested in the cultural life of Central Europe, who would fail to profit from a thorough study of this impressive example of German literary scholarship at its best.

Something in common

By Evan Jones

ALAN DUNDES
Interpreting Folklore
304pp. Indiana University Press.
£15 (paperback, £6).
0 253 20240 X

In his preface, Alan Dundes complains, not unfairly, that folklorists have too much contented themselves with recording and classifying, too little engaged themselves with making sense of their materials. *Interpreting Folklore* is a collection of places in which Professor Dundes has at one time or another essayed to repair this omission; not immediately, the book is offered as in some way exemplary.

But exemplarity of what? Dundes is distressed by the failure of folklorists adequately to define their field of enquiry:

"Thus far in the illustrious history of the discipline, not so much as one genre has been completely defined. . . . A standard work on the proverb begins with the statement that 'The definition of a proverb is too difficult to repay the undertaking'. . . . The same deplorable situation is found in discussions of other genres."

Therefore he begins with an essay boldly asking, "Who are the Folk?" Like other recent scholars, he rejects the old view, at once sentimental and patronizing, that the "folk" are, with only a few quaint survivals, a phenomenon of the past: "If a modern folklorist accepted the nineteenth-century definition of the folk as illiterate, rural, backward-peasants, then the study of the lore of such folk might well be strictly a salvage operation and the discipline of folklorists might in time follow the folk itself into oblivion. . . . To draw attention to the tendency of recent folklorists to speak as if the main function of a 'folk' is to serve an academic discipline, and one especially in the United States' is to draw wider recognition, is of course to caricature them; there is nothing felicitous about the engineers with which a writer like Dundes recognizes 'folk' manifestations all about him."

These considerations push him to a "definition" sufficiently embracing: "The term 'folk' can refer to any group of people who share at least one common factor. It does not matter what this linking factor is, but what is important is that a group formed for whatever reason will have some tradition which it

calls its own. In theory a group must consist of at least two persons. . . ."

Afraid that this last note might sound unreasonably dogmatic, he is prepared to consider the possibility that one person might constitute a folk, but decides that while "Individuals do have idiosyncrasies . . . at least two individuals would have to share them before I would be comfortable in calling such behaviour traditional or folk". The use of that word "traditional", incidentally, is really a hangover from older views of what constitutes folklore: it occurs sporadically in *Interpreting Folklore* as a kind of nervous tic, but that last sentence suggests adequately enough how leached of meaning it has become.

It is salutary to be told that we are all folk, but it does not much help to delineate a field of enquiry. As it happens *Interpreting Folklore* does rather less to give sharper definition to what we might understand by "folk". The second essay, "Texts, Texts and Contexts", considers the inadequacy of previous attempts to isolate the essential nature of folklore: from arguing that "one could with reason say that definitions of folklore which depend completely upon such terms as 'oral', 'tradition' and 'transmission' are of questionable utility". Dundes proceeds to the draconian conclusion that "The problem then of defining folklore boils down to the task of defining exhaustively all of the forms of folklore. Once this has been accomplished, it will be possible to give an enumerative definition of folklore". It is at this point, alas, that he laments that no genre of folklore has yet been defined; and the hapless reader can only reflect that since there seem to be no criteria for deciding what might be a "form" or "genre" of folklore, its conclusive "enumerative definition" is not something hopefully to be awaited.

If we watch Dundes's procedure in subsequent essays, we will conclude that "folklore" seems about the time to mean something like "popular culture"; to remark this is not of course an advance in precision, but it gives a sense of the difference between the writer of the opening essays, intent on the definition of a discipline of "folkloristics", and the subsequent "Interpreter" who will turn anything to use in pursuing whatever question has engaged his interest. Dismissingly, at one point in his third essay "Projection in Folklore: A Plea for Psychoanalytic Semiotics", Dundes declares that "my plea for psychoanalytic semiotics is based primarily upon folklore only because I am most familiar with folkloristic data". It is the idea of projection in the psychoanalytic sense that interests him, not the "folkloristic data", and in discussing American reactions to the first moon-landing in this essay he

moves, as he concedes, outside even his own generous sense of "folklore".

Psychoanalytic ideas, especially, "projection", figure very prominently in these essays; and if I were a librarian, faced with the task of classifying one of the more substantial pieces, "A Psychoanalytic Study of the Bullroarer", I suppose I should unhesitatingly file it under Cultural Anthropology. Thus Dundes's own essays - and his references - remind us that if "folklorists" have been too content merely to collect and classify (and interestingly enough this applies more to modern folklorists than to the nineteenth-century pioneers), psychoanalysts and anthropologists have not been loath to interpret "folklore". Unless Dundes brings new skills or new kinds of evidence as a "folklorist", is there after all anything novel in his offering?

In this context it is perhaps worth noticing that the essay "The Number Three in American Culture" is reprinted from an earlier Dundes collection subtitled "Readings in Cultural Anthropology"; worth noting, too, that the present book has been so hastily put together that when other essays refer to this one, as at least two do, the

reader is directed back to the earlier book. In short, *Interpreting Folklore* does not really cohere as an intellectual exercise: though one can, indeed, see why each piece was chosen for inclusion under the common rubric, the final effect is stubbornly one of miscellany.

Apart from the initial "theoretical" essays, the contents might roughly be divided into two kinds, the substantial scholarly essays working on the basis of previous interpretative literature (the "armchair" essays), and the ones in which Dundes is working from relatively immediate observation of society (the "field" essays). Though the quality varies greatly, by and large the "armchair" essays are the better, and the two most substantial pieces in this kind, "Wei and Dry, the Evil Eye: An Essay in Indo-European and Semitic Worldview" and "The Hero Pattern and the Life of Jesus", are alone enough to make the book worthwhile.

The "field" essays, although apparently diverse, are marked by common traits. To a degree surprising in the light of the intelligence in theoretical essays on the diversity of the folk and the need to see "lore" in

context, these simply take "American" culture as their target, and tend indiscriminately to take as evidence anything that comes to hand. Again, Dundes at times seems intent rather on *selling* than on exploring his cultural diagnoses, and the level of argument suffers grievously - in the essay "Thinking Ahead: a Folklorist's Reflection of the Future Orientation in American Worldview", for instance, we find "But whether one buys now and pays later or pays now to receive later . . . the same future orientation pervades the philosophy", while the same essay, recklessly taking whatever it can find (much of it distinctively American) as evidence of "future orientation", proceeds as if Dundes had never noticed the American (though not *peculiarly* American) penchant for nostalgia: "evidence" in these essays points all one way.

And so it is impossible here to discuss the pieces separately: one might risk, however, the regretfully generalization that the more conservatively studious Professor Dundes's essays are, the more satisfactory; the more they are given to a consciousness of their own novelty, the more factless they tend to be.

Factory fodder

By Cate Haste

GAIL BRAYBON:
Women Workers in the First World War
244pp. Croom Helm. £11.95.
0 7099 0603 X

"Practically all the mothers in Bradford go out to work. . . . That is a fundamental fact against the laws of life." In her very readable book Gail Braybon undertakes a critical examination of the role and attitudes to women's work during the First World War. She demonstrates how the co-existence of the patriarchal system with the capitalist system combined to perpetuate women's status as second-class workers.

Her survey is a comprehensive, well documented and often witty addition to the study of women's labour history. It demolishes the myth that the war produced any long-term improvement in women's opportunities, pay or status, despite the fact that women moved successfully into higher-paid areas of men's work. Their experience, simply confirmed their position in the labour market, degraded at the TUC conference as late as 1972 as "a

reliable safety margin . . . which we can use when we have need and can discard all other times".

A woman's right to work is the central - and still relevant - theme of the book. The dominant facts of women's work were low pay and low status, and the author examines how the argument that a woman's vocation is motherhood, and her place in the home, was used to underline the economic view of women as dependents. This justified the low pay and acted as a brake on their employment opportunities. The familiarity of this today encourages one to accept her view of the war as "one phase in a continuum".

By dissecting the responses of the main groups involved, Gail Braybon highlights the ambiguities in their positions. The patriotic press was congratulatory, frequently depicting of women doing men's work. Craft trade unions in the munitions industries opposed women replacing men (because women's low wages threatened men's wage rates and their job status), equal pay and entry to the unions, thus perpetuating the threat of women "blacklegging". The unions failed to appreciate that men and women had a common interest

in fighting for better rates for women. The beneficiaries were the employers, who endorsed women's low pay, though women were more docile (partly because they were unorganized), and were prone to think women less capable than men. The government, too, had a vested interest in attracting women into industry, and their more enlightened advisers pointed out that better work conditions induced higher efficiency - one lasting improvement of the war, for all workers, was concensus and welfare provisions in government controlled factories.

The position of feminists was ambiguous, partly because the dual role of women as worker and mother is paradoxical in an economic system which is intent on sharing the duties of parenthood. However, Gail Braybon is less than fair to Mary MacArthur and her trade union and Labour colleagues. She misrepresents her to suggesting she encouraged the view that women's vocation was motherhood. And she underestimates the importance of their progressive fight for working mothers' rights, not only for equal pay and opportunity, but also for family allowances, maternity benefits, pensions and nursing. Without these, women would continue to be doubly exploited, as mothers and as workers, as they were during the war.

The voice of the Centre

By Jill Stephenson

DAVID BLACKBURN:
Class, Religion and Local Politics in
Wilhelmine Germany

The Centre Party in Württemberg before 1914.

269pp. Yale University Press. £12.
0 300 02464 9

For those historians mesmerized by the conventional right-to-left political spectrum, the Centre Party in Germany has been perhaps not so much a puzzle as an embarrassment. Some have taken the line of least resistance and virtually ignored it, while others have explained its posture and policies as either purely opportunistic or the motivated by its role as the political representative of the Catholic Church in a country where Protestants were in a two-to-one majority. David Blackburn has decided to tackle the issue head-on. While his purpose is to assess the nature and significance of the Centre as the pivotal political party at Reich level in the quarter century before the First World War, his general view of the development of the Second Reich has led him to pursue his detailed arguments about the Centre through a local study, by charting the fortunes and failures of the Centre Party in Württemberg - where, as it happened, Protestants were again in a two-to-one majority. For Blackburn belongs to the younger generation of British historians of Imperial Germany who have come to reject the "new orthodoxy" formulated by the (then) younger generation of German scholars in the 1960s and early 1970s. In the wake of the "Fischer controversy", "if we may, you old ones" might well be revived as their slogan, "please!" as he says himself, his approach is "prudent" rather than "polemical", which is more than can be said for that of some of his colleagues.

Nevertheless, David Blackburn is firm in his rejection of a view which portrays the political and social pattern of the German Empire as a congealed mass, and of the concomitant belief in the cynical manipulation of the citizens of that Empire by ruling elites whose divergent interests were reconciled in a determined policy of maintaining the *Bismarckian status quo*. He aligns himself with those who stress the importance of pressure groups, often representing an economic interest, in influencing the policies of

political parties - besides, but also including, the Centre - from the 1890s. To this, he adds the dimension of local, even parochial, loyalties which, more effectively mobilized because of the communications revolution in the later nineteenth century, were able to make an indelible impression on constituency party organizations and candidates in an age of universal male suffrage. By this interpretation, the parties became the point of contact between the central government and the electorate, making the government aware of the strength of popular feeling on everything from the tariff to education, from opposition to margarine as a butter-substitute to demands for special taxes on department stores.

But as a party which, from the 1890s, helped to sustain the government's majority in the Reichstag, the Centre also had to represent government policies to its supporters as being in their best interests, even when they manifestly were not. Worse, the different protest groups comprising the Centre constituency at the turn of the century had irreconcilably divergent interests: "the retailer who had usurped the artisan's traditional position and stepped into the growing gap between producer and consumer" found in his dismay that artisans flocked to department stores to shop, in spite of Centre propaganda urging them "to buy at home, not from the Jew". Blackburn's analysis of the conflicting aspirations of the Centre's supporters in Württemberg admirably and lucidly illustrates both popular preoccupations and prejudices and also the extent to which the Centre Party had to represent and even magnify these in a period of economic and political flux when politicians were seeking for custom among voters who, however primitively, perceived that they were in a seller's market.

It is this picture which convinces Blackburn, and with which he aims to convince us, that the Centre Party was much as other political parties in Imperial Germany and was not merely the political instrument of the Catholic Church. He might have added that it is the "history from above" approach, with which he and his contemporaries take issue, which has reinforced the assumption that a party representing Catholic interests must necessarily represent those of institutional Catholicism. This same assumption underlay the *Kulturkampf* of the 1870s and was perpetuated by liberal, chiefly, who levelled charges of "deification" and "ultramontanism" at the Centre twenty and thirty years later.

What Blackburn's material shows - and although he is reluctant to admit it - is that the Centre represented the interests of German Catholics (not of the Church); in

state and national parliaments the Centre acted as a watchdog to ensure that traditional Catholic preserves were safeguarded and to work for the restoration of sequestered rights. Even if it assumed this role for other than purely sectarian reasons, as Blackburn persuasively argues, surely its preoccupations with opposing reforms in education, in the marriage laws, in commercial practices, to name but a few - derived from a "mentality" inculcated into the Catholic leaders and supporters of the Centre from earliest childhood by the Church? Blackburn admits, with disarming honesty, that he is now "less fully iconoclastic . . . about the importance of the Catholic Church in the fabric of daily and political life among Centre supporters" than he was. But where is the chapter on "The Centre and the Catholic Church" to match those on the Centre's relations with rival political parties and to sustain his thesis that "there was a marked de-idealization of the Centre from the 1890s in particular. Where is any discussion of the 'deification' of interest groups under the aegis of the party, or to immunize Catholics against 'materialism'?" The absence of an evaluation of the Catholic sub-culture - parallel to the Socialists' - is a disappointment in this penetrating, good-natured and persuasive analysis. Again, discussion of the Centre's attachment to the idea of the "corporate representation of economic interests" might have alluded to the favour accorded to it by Pope Leo XIII - whether to acknowledge or deny his influence.

Blackburn's detailed examination of the development of the Centre in Württemberg convincingly demonstrates the weaknesses in the theory of "social imperialism" which, with all its refinement, has only ever been a blunt instrument for dissecting as variegated a creature as Imperial Germany. The "alienation" of Catholics from "Prussian values" may not have mattered in the 1870s when the Centre was an "enemy of the Reich", but it nevertheless threatens the credibility of sweeping generalizations about the "feudalization of . . . the bourgeoisie". For Blackburn, the 1890s rather than the "new orthodoxy" landmark of 1878-79 is the critical transitional period to Imperial German and Centre Party development; with a new generation of Centre leaders convinced that the emancipation of Catholics from civil and political discrimination would come only through the ending of "the stigma of hostility to the Reich with which Catholics had been burdened since the *Kulturkampf*". The "two hundred per cent German" Centre thus found its political orientation largely determined: it could not align itself with the other pariah party, the SPD,

because that would merely have confirmed prejudices which it was explicitly set on eliminating, and also because Centre leaders regarded the Socialists as "negative" and "irresponsible".

Much of David Blackburn's discussion focuses on the rightward progress of the Centre, and he convincingly shows how declining electoral appeal among urban Catholics - manual workers and the "new" middle class of white-collar workers alike - reinforced a tendency apparent in the early 1890s for the Centre to promote agrarian interests. The need to compete with a new peasant party drove the Centre into an extravagant and demagogic (an overused term) attempt to outbid the peasant party, to retain the rural vote, and at the same time to reconcile with it an effective appeal to "artisan, shopkeeper and publican" in the "old" middle class. The rightward progress of the Centre was therefore determined by the interests and aspirations of the constituencies to which it could most effectively appeal from the 1890s; but this looks like a circular argument when it

becomes apparent that the Catholic peasantry and "old" middle class were the beneficiaries of the distinctive Catholic "mentalities" which stressed "true virtue" and sanctified urban society and its effects. The Centre had perhaps, as Blackburn argues, evolved in the 1890s from being a defensive, confessional party to being a modern, interest-group-based, political party; it may not be fanciful to suggest that the Vatican took belated revenge for this in July 1933. But it remained a party that represented the interests of some Catholics, arguably the most "backward" Catholics, so that it did not justify its leaders' claims to be a "true people's party". As Blackburn shows, the narrowness of its appeal in the 1900s forced it to exude extravagant and often contradictory propaganda to try to retain what support it had; the direction of that propaganda, with its constant theme of the threat from the left, ensured that the Centre increasingly gravitated towards the Conservatives. Before the outbreak of the First World War, the Centre had managed to find a niche in the right-to-left political spectrum.

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The underlying Will

By Patrick Gardiner

D.W. HAMLYN:
Schopenhauer
181pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £9.75.
0 7100 0522 9

Throughout most of his life Schopenhauer suffered neglect by contrast with other leading philosophers in Germany, and especially with his arch-enemy Hegel. By a curious irony a somewhat similar fate appears to have befallen him — at any rate so far as the English-speaking world is concerned — in the present century as well. The past two decades have produced a host of critical studies dealing with different aspects of Hegelian thought and their relevance to current philosophical and methodological disputes. It cannot be said, however, that there have been many signs of a corresponding resurgence of interest in Schopenhauer's writings. Although it is true that some of his ideas tend to be referred to from time to time in connection with Wittgenstein's intellectual development, few attempts have been made to assess what he wrote in its own right or to treat it as offering a serious contribution to recurring issues in the history of philosophy. More typically, Schopenhauer's name continues to be found embedded in footnotes to discussions of broad nineteenth-century trends, such as romanticism and nihilism; yet, while he certainly played a part in the evolution of these, they cannot properly be regarded as illustrative of his chief concerns or of his principal claims to importance as a thinker.

Such an attitude of relative indifference seems undeserved from more than one point of view. Considered in the context of his time Schopenhauer's main work, *Die*

Welt als Wille und Vorstellung, can be seen in many respects to display a remarkable presence; and even from a present-day standpoint anyone who reads it can hardly fail to be struck by the manner in which it manages to embrace within an economical conceptual framework an extraordinary variety of themes relating not only to metaphysics and epistemology, but also to ethics, aesthetics and the philosophy of mind. However deep the differences on other counts, in its range and ambition it can at least be said to bear comparison with Hegel's own writings; it is comparable, too, both in the sensitivity shown to some of the problems which the Kantian philosophy left in its wake and in the perceptiveness Schopenhauer habitually exhibits when describing the darker currents of human feeling and motivation — it was not for nothing that Freud singled him out as a precursor. His work is, moreover, infused with a visionary quality that manifests itself most obviously in his conception of the world as the phenomenal expression of an underlying volitional force and in the consequences he drew from this. But it is to be discerned as well in particular passages that are intrinsically memorable for the way in which they inculcate striking theoretical insights by means of some apposite image or simile: when formulated with his customary elegance and lucidity, these are capable of leaving a vivid and lasting impression upon the mind.

At the same time, it must be admitted that the very clarity of Schopenhauer's style is apt to expose difficulties in his system which obtrude more sharply than they might have done if he had employed the opaque and mystifying mode of expression favoured by a number of his German contemporaries. As David Hamlyn points out in his carefully argued study, Schopenhauer's philosophy was initially presented within a scheme of ideas that owed much to Kant and part-

icularly to the latter's "transcendental idealism". The world as we ordinarily perceive and comprehend it is a world of "appearances" or (in Schopenhauer's terminology) "representations", not of things as they are in themselves; it is to be construed as the product of the intellect working upon data provided by sensation, and as such it can be affirmed to exist only for a conscious experiencing subject endowed with a certain set of mental faculties.

As he proceeds, however, it becomes clear that Schopenhauer's own outlook diverges from the Kantian at a number of crucial junctures. Thus the justification he himself provides for endorsing a fundamentally idealist standpoint rests in part upon an appeal to the physiological functions of the human brain; yet, despite his suggestions to the contrary, such an argument has no analogue in the Kantian account of what is involved, nor is it constitutive — at least as he presents it — that it evidences an acceptable or even a coherent position. Furthermore — and again unlike Kant, in whose theory the concept of "things in themselves" played a purely negative or limiting role so far as our knowledge was concerned — Schopenhauer insists that it is possible to identify the true *Ding an sich*, or essence of the world, with what he terms "the will"; for this, as opposed to the phenomenal or "representational" knowledge we possess of our bodies and their movements, is something of which each individual is directly and immediately aware through his inner consciousness of himself as an active being or agent.

But here, too, problems arise. There are obstacles to accepting without reservation the ontological claims about our fundamental nature which Schopenhauer seeks to derive from our (admittedly special) consciousness of agency, and these stem to some extent from his failure to treat the "double knowledge" we have of ourselves under the dual aspects of will and represent-

ation as affording a key to the interpretation of reality as a whole.

Difficulties of the sort mentioned inevitably confront one who sets out to offer a balanced critical survey of Schopenhauer's thought and Hamlyn shows no inclination to try to gloss them over. On the contrary, and as befits a contributor to Routledge's "Arguments of the Philosophers" series, he energetically applies himself to the task of unravelling the skeins of Schopenhauer's reasoning and of patiently testing the various strands for strength. If on occasions — as with the account given of sense-perception — he is driven to regard what he finds as being radically confused, he shows himself concerned elsewhere to do justice to the elements in Schopenhauer's discussions which strike him as genuinely valuable or fruitful. Thus he has good things to say about his subject's first publication, the undervalued *Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason*, while in the case of the main work he rightly picks out Schopenhauer's effort to "grapple with the nature of agency" as being of crucial importance. Not only does it constitute a prime source of his metaphysics; it also merits serious consideration on its own account as representing an early attempt to come to grips with a group of intricate problems which in recent years have increasingly attracted the attention of analytical philosophers. The tendency to overlook or misconceive the character of human action has been a recurrent one in the history of empiricist epistemology; whatever obscurities may surround his own handling of the topic, it is to Schopenhauer's credit that he recognized and helped to set in a fresh light some of the central issues involved.

Even so, it is arguable that Schopenhauer's preoccupation with action and the will was at the same time symptomatic of more far-reaching concerns. For it is not just in what he writes about agency that

one senses a tension between, on the one hand, his conception of the way matters stand to us from within, as particular self-conscious subjects of experience, and, on the other, the way they may be understood to stand from an external point of view, where we appear as "objects among objects", inhabiting a common physical realm of law-governed things and events. The untangling question of whether these rival standpoints, each implicit in aspects of our general thought and practice, can be satisfactorily reconciled in terms of a perspective that somehow transcends them seems to haunt Schopenhauer's philosophy at a very deep level and to manifest itself in a variety of forms and connections. The desire, moreover, to accommodate both of them within his system may go part of the way towards explaining his habit, which has disconcerted commentators, of apparently oscillating between an uncompromisingly idealist position and one that is more suggestive of a kind of physiologically orientated materialism.

At the end of his book Hamlyn himself touches upon such considerations, noting among other things that there are times when Schopenhauer's initial idealism gives the impression of having faded into the background, so that "it is almost as if that part of his theory had been forgotten". One may wish, however, that Hamlyn had explored this and related points further, for it might have enabled him to communicate more comprehensively what it was that ultimately inspired Schopenhauer's imaginative but paradoxical vision of the world. He accurately identifies the problematic features of that vision, bringing them into sharp focus. Where his appreciative but rather straining interpretation appears to be less satisfying is in showing how they arose and why they should have been so pervasive in the work of a philosopher of Schopenhauer's undoubted stature and penetration.

Playing to the people

By Irving Wardle

CATHERINE ITZIN:
Stages in the Revolution
Political Theatre in Britain Since 1968
399pp. Eyre Methuen. £9.95 (paperback).
£4.50.
0 413 39180 9
SANDY CRAIG (Editor)
Dreams and Deconstructions
Alternative Theatre in Britain
192pp. Amber Lane Press. £7.95 (paperback).
£4.95.
0 906399 19 X

1968, when everything else happened as well, is usually claimed as the birth year of alternative theatre in Britain, but its origin lies in the late 1950s with Centre 42 and the attempt by Arnold Wesker and his associates to take the means of artistic production into their own hands. For the groups that began emerging ten years later, whose diversity defies even Sandy Craig's compilation, this was the primary condition of work. With the warning example of the Osborne generation before their eyes, they had an acute sense of the process Coopers summed up as "garret: Oddon: Pere Lachaise". They were not anxious to get under a snug umbrella, nor indeed were they concerned with buildings. They were interested in ideas: ideas of community work, political action, multi-media experiment, audience contact and minority expression. If buildings followed, well and good; if not, England was well stocked with pubs, factory canteens, and streets.

On these terms they survived and proliferated on a scale which can only be compared with that of the Workers' Theatre Movement of the 1930s; a comparison that does scant justice to the growth from half a dozen fringe groups in 1968 to Catherine Itzin's 1978 total of "over a hundred alternative theatre companies... plus another fifty or more young people's theatre companies". The alternative theatre also involved alternatives to theatrical careerism; as in the case of highly respected playwrights like John Arden and John McGrath who turned their backs on the London mainstream in favour of political work in remote parts of Ireland and Scotland. Most important, it involved an alternative audience. The old dream of reaching a wider public than the unchanging middle-class minority at last started coming true with work commissioned by trade unions and shown for tenants' associations, building sites, factory occupations, squats, and other venues for people who never go to the theatre.

Catherine Itzin is clearly right in locating the central impulse of "the alternative decade" in its politics: which is one reason why so much less publicity has been bestowed on it than on the earlier protest and absurdist movements, which had the decency to maintain the old division between art and life. Its leading writers are

familiar, especially those like David Edgar and Trevor Griffiths who have had no qualms about crossing the commercial boundaries for the sake of reaching television and main house audiences. So, too, are political intentions are off-set by their aesthetic novelty. But there remains a mass of work of which most people are only partially, if at all, aware.

Stages in the Revolution is the first comprehensive study, and is a remarkable feat of organization. It runs through the decade year by year, each section introduced with a summary of key events before focusing on a particular group of artists; and interweaving chapters on writers and groups with chapters on subsidy, Equity, and the development of such institutions as the Independent Theatre Council and the Theatre Writers' Union, whose muscle the author convincingly demonstrates. The result is not neat; but considering the sprawl of the material it is a model of selective lucidity. Wherever possible, Miss Itzin introduces her subjects in their own words; very rarely advancing opinions of her own on their quality. As men like David Mercer and David Edgar are a good deal more articulate than some others, the method may have led to some injustice by self-promotion. (In the case of Edward Bond's cloudy gropings towards a view of Western man, one only hopes that readers will have seen his plays first.) On the whole, the groups come over more vividly than writers; which is as it should be, as writers are already accessible from other sources.

Two main patterns emerge from the book. First, a spectrum of work bounded on one side by Marxist groups like Red Ladder and T.84 which put their ideology into words, and at the other by community ventures like Inter-Action and the Deptford Albany which embody their poli-

tics in acts of social intervention. Second, a developing emphasis on community work at the expense of agitation — as variously evidenced in the mid-1970s switch from agit-prop to naturalistic analysis, the humane approach of the later groups (such as North West Spammer), and the glum concluding remarks from David Hare on the dubious achievements of ten years' political theatre. True to her impartial method, Miss Itzin does not take issue with him; but — so far as the theatre and its audience are concerned — the whole book provides her answer.

This is a necessary document. But if only someone had bothered to write such a book about the 1930s, there might have been less arrogance among Miss Itzin's contributors — Howard Brenton, for one, who tells us that Joan Littlewood's "only models were West End theatres... The notion of how to do it on a shoestring was not available." If Littlewood had enjoyed a fraction of the subsidy that Brenton and his contemporaries have taken for granted, there would have been another story to tell.

Dreams and Deconstructions takes a wider view of the alternative scene with consequent blurring of focus. Weakly edited by Sandy Craig, who contributes three chapters in bigoted *Time Out* style, it consists of overlapping essays by various hands, on feminism, politics, children's theatre, actors' workshops, theatre in education, regional rep, and new writers, some of the pieces empty opinionated, some druggily summarizing. Naseem Khan's essay on ethnic theatre is well argued, and written with real authority. But the best piece in the book is John Ashford's brief introduction to Performance Art, which sets up the background and the personnel, laments the critics' failure to come to terms with the subject, and then abandons it as indescribable.



This drawing of Henrik Ibsen is taken from a collection of Hans Prohászka's Imaginäre Portraits (149pp. Graz, Vienna, Cologne: Styria, 3 222 11291 6).

The biological take-over bid

By Paul Seabright

ASHLEY MONTAGUE (Editor):
Sociobiology Examined
355pp. Oxford University Press. £12.50
(paperback, £2.95).
0 19 520711 6

The anxiety over the impact of new technology on jobs has been provided with an amusing parallel within the academic profession itself by the sociobiology debate. In 1975 Edward O. Wilson argued (in *Sociobiology: the New Synthesis*) for a "biologization" of the social sciences, for a replacement of anthropologists, sociologists and even moral philosophers, not (yet) by microprocessors but by the next best thing, human ethologists and evolutionary biologists: "the time has come for ethics to be removed temporarily from the hands of the philosophers and biologized". This claim was accompanied by a series of campaign diagrams, showing the expansion of sociobiology into adjacent territory, and by predictions of the progressive conquest of anthropology, sociology and ethics. (And indeed, one is prompted to ask, why stop there? May we not look forward to such exciting disciplines as biotechnology and literary biocriticism?) The response of many academics to this threat was fairly predictable: they tossed off a ball of criticism, some of it very abusive.

Just how comprehensive the claim that ethics and the social sciences are effectively the continuation of biology by other means? On one view (much the less interesting) the conquest is meant to be complete. No residue of these disciplines will be left. On the other view, the claim is simply that sociobiology has something to say about all human behaviour, so that it is not a criticism to point out that biology is far from being the whole story.

Uncertainty as to the extent of sociobiology's ambitions has dogged the work of both sociobiologists and their critics, and it is the cause of a central infirmity of purpose in the work under review. This collection of essays on the biological, anthropological, psychological and philosophical impact of sociobiology sets out to examine the subject with the forty clear intention of cutting it firmly down to size. This is a pity, for with one or two notable exceptions many of the contributors end up concentrating on the mistakes and extravagances — and there have been many — of the less interesting work in this field. In these circumstances it is hard for them to avoid writing the sins of some of its individual practitioners upon the

discipline itself. We are left rather in the dark about what sociobiology can do, having been told so exhaustively what it cannot.

The human species's unique capacity for language and culture is frequently urged against sociobiology in these essays. It is a little hard to know what to make of this claim, for it is used with some ambiguity. It may mean simply that sociobiology is not the only or even the most important discipline we need when studying human behaviour. Thus Derek Freeman concludes in his essay that "sociobiological theory *per se*, being restricted to purely genetic processes, is categorically unfitted for the comprehensive scientific study of the evolution and behaviour of... the human animal" (my italics). But this point, though surely true, is scarcely a damning criticism after all, no other discipline is comprehensive in his sense. The fact that natural selection as well as the rest of us does not mean that sociobiology will ever exhaust the point or purpose of poetry — but nor is it emasculated as a discipline by its failure to do so. It is simply doing a different job.

The alternative view of the implications

Claims to power

By J. A. Hall

J. G. MERQUIOR:
Rousseau and Weber: Two Studies in the Theory of Legitimacy
273pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £12.50.
0 7100 0513 X

This book is the first instalment of J. G. Merquior's ambitious project of a sociologically informed history of "legitimacy concepts". The idea of legitimacy is generally familiar to us in its Weberian guise, and the first part of this book in effect considers Rousseau from the standpoint of Weber. Here Merquior suggests that the *Social Contract* is best read as arguing that legitimacy can only be secured in modern society by means of participatory democracy. His sociological sense helps him to draw out the nostalgic anarchism in Rousseau, and he is twice as good at showing how Rousseau's thought is obsessed with the problem of finding suitable social support for the honest and sincere self. But for all this Merquior follows J. R. P. Marquardt in arguing that this defence of participatory

time of human culture, which surfaces from time to time in this collection, seems to deny that sociobiology is a discipline that can be applied to human beings at all. Peter and Petrissak urge here that "the positivistic limitations of sociobiology can only contribute to the investigation of a cultureless being — a being non-existent". And S. A. Barnett closes an essay that is full of important detail about animal behaviour with the argument that sociobiology must ultimately be rejected because it is incompatible with the thesis of philosophical indeterminism, which is held by "nearly all adults". I fear this will prove an unfruitful gum-tree to ascend. For one thing, if it is true that sociobiology disregards "features that distinguish the human species sharply from all others", and which allow us to make choices" — if, in other words, animals are determined while humans are not, where is evolution the decisive break supposed to have come? In any case, the question of whether determinism is true is surely irrelevant to the more germane question of whether, insofar as there are causes of our behaviour, these are primarily biological or not.

Fears about "genetic determinism"

unsuccessfully dominate these essays. Some sociobiologists may be genetic determinists, but nothing in sociobiology requires them to be. (In the same way, the claim that some sociobiologists are racists, even if true, would not warrant S. L. Washburn's view that "the sociobiological calculus is necessarily racist"). For it is quite possible to hold that genetic factors are among those affecting our behaviour, and that their effects are best isolated by assuming other things equal. But none of this prevents us from holding that other things are rarely if ever equal, that all kinds of other factors affect our behaviour, nor from holding whatever view we choose on the question of whether any of our behaviour is ultimately uncaused.

A few essays in this collection stand out for their constructiveness. Jerome Barkow puts forward some persuasive views on the relationship between different levels of explanation. Mary Midgley's essay "Rival Fatalisms" is an elegant plea for peaceful co-existence.

In fact, her essay serves as an admirable yardstick of reasonableness by which to judge the other contributions, and they do not all measure up well; one of the worst is

Dr Midgley's own second contribution, "Gene-Juggling", an attack on Richard Dawkins's *The Selfish Gene*. She has excised some of the more gratuitously abusive remarks that accompanied the article's first appearance in *Philosophy*, but even so her lunge for the Dawkins (jugal has rather missed its mark. Dawkins attempts no moral philosophy to speak of in his book, and his remarks about selfishness, though vivid, are a metaphor that serves to make a purely biological point. To construct them into philosophical egotism seems to me quite unwarranted.

Fear of the political abuse of sociobiology has rather blunted the analytical cutlery of this book. It is not now obligatory to pepper academic discussions of, say, Marxist economics with references to Oling, and the continual anxiety expressed here about the misuse of sociobiology by the fascist right does nothing to help us assess its potential when more coolly and rationally employed. When mounting the soap-box these tactics may be inevitable. But I trust it is not naive to hope that future academic discussions of sociobiology will concentrate upon the more memorable contributions to the debate.

Missing the message

By J. S. Bratton

ERROL DURBAK (Editor):
Ibsen and the Theatre: Essays in Celebration of the 150th Anniversary of Ibsen's Birth
144pp. Macmillan. £15.
0 333 28425 9

BERNARD F. DUKORE:
Money and Politics in Ibsen; Shaw and Brecht
172pp. University of Missouri Press.
0 8202 0294 2

The plays of Ibsen are one of the most fought-over battlegrounds in the dispute between the critics and the practitioners of theatre. It has always been so: the gap between "Ibsen" and "the Ibsenist", the social, political and theoretical interpreters of his plays, developed during the dramatist's own lifetime and, indeed, influenced his work. It affected the plays of his successors, like Shaw, fundamentally. It is not only that Ibsen's plays can be said to contain some message which might be interpreted, or levels of meaning not necessarily patent to the audience in the theatre, for most drama can be seen to have larger meanings, and any good writing repays close study. Rather, Ibsen has seemed to offer messages both

specific and symbolic which are separate from, even at odds with, the theatrical experience. Perhaps simply because there is, for most audiences, the necessity of one sort of translation of the text, it has always seemed natural to many to treat Ibsen as material for study rather than for direct experience, and therefore to place the plays at a remove. The conference convened at the University of British Columbia in 1978 to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the dramatist's birth was aimed at overcoming this sense of distance by concentrating on the plays in the theatre. To this end it brought together academics and theatrical practitioners of several kinds.

The idea is interesting, and the experience, for the conference members, seems to have been exciting and perhaps even healthily disturbing; but the volume which has resulted from it does not reproduce that experience for the reader. It gives the impression of a collection of people talking against or in spite of each other, not only from different points of view, but without a common language and while some essays are interesting and valuable despite this, others are mere repetitions or extensions of critical platitudes already entrenched, even of actual material already well known.

The essays, which come nearest to realizing the object of the conference are

those by Inga-Stina Ewbank, Errol Sprichorn and Janet Suzman. Ms Suzman, speaking from an uncomplicated position as an actress familiar with Ibsen from her working experience, offers a strong and particular interpretation of Hedda Gabler in which Hedda is seen as a frustrated, trapped but essentially courageous woman. The piece must command respect from both critics and practitioners, and is a refreshingly positive, if not very cerebral, first-hand account. Professors Ewbank and Sprichorn needed no rapport with the other contributors in order to fulfil the aims of the conference, for they each combine in themselves all the attributes of the complete Ibsenist: Scandinavian professors of English and Drama in a British and an American University respectively, they are also distinguished translators of Ibsen for the theatre. Sprichorn offers an astute note on what he sees as the widespread failure of directors and actors to fulfil the demands of Ibsen's plays, which must have raised many hackles when it was delivered. Ewbank has a strong sense of the immediate theatrical difficulties of the texts, derived perhaps from her recent work with the RSC and the National Theatre. Her essay tackles the central peculiarity of Ibsen that is the cause of the conference, our sense of his otherness and distance from us, making use of the widest range of critical tools. Her focus is on a discussion of language as

embodying the distance between Ibsen and English thought.

These pieces can stand alone; the shortcomings of most of the remaining essays are rather shown up than made good by their juxtaposition with others in the collection. Frederick and Lise-Lone Marker, for example, offer a survey of productions in the orthodox manner of old-fashioned theatre history; the critical crudity of this approach, its tendency to reduce all plays and all productions to a level and to be content with simplistic judgments, is made obvious by the proximity in this volume of examples of advanced critical methodology such as James McFarlane's. But the Markers' meticulousness throws into relief the failure of Michael Meyer and Martin Esslin to take into account any of the achievements of the nineteenth-century British stage in their essays, which both make sweeping and often inaccurate assertions about Ibsen's dramatic innovation and unique importance according to Esslin. "It was Ibsen whose revolutionary impact and ultimate success showed that drama could be more than the trivial stimulant to muddle sentimentality or shallow laughter which it had become — at least in the English-speaking world — throughout the nineteenth century." He does go on to offer some genuine perceptions concerning Ibsen, in philosophical and psychological

the way for a further examination of the development of a national literature in France, with all that this term implies. The three elements in the story of the theatre in nineteenth-century France — the Church, the State and the private (aristocratic) patrons, and the changing patterns of their relationships, provide material for further research study. Would a closer knowledge of these questions help us to understand the almost mummified state to which French classical tragedy had descended by the end of the century?

Dr Phillips's study, which wisely confines itself to specific questions of literary theory and practice, and to their relationship to aesthetic and religious doctrines, both revives memories of old quarrels and whets the appetite for engaging in further debate on the exact nature of the relationship between Authority and Art in seventeenth-century France.

By contrast with this attempt at a fresh approach, Bernard F. Dukore's *Money and Politics in Ibsen, Shaw and Brecht* is an academic exercise of the most traditional kind, creating the plays in his earlier studies. But little in the volume goes any further in breaking new ground, and as a whole the 140 pages will hardly tempt either scholar or playgoer to the expenditure of £15.

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John Northam

When Claudius came

By Keith Branigan

GRAHAM WEBSTER:
The Roman Invasion of Britain
224pp. Batsford. £8.95.
0 7134 1329 8

The Roman invasion of 43AD firmly established Britain as part of the Roman empire for almost 400 years, and some of the effects of that occupation are with us still. Britain, of course, was never remotely near the centre of the stage in the Roman world and by and large we learn little of events there from the Romans themselves. The exception was Tacitus, who by reason of having a father-in-law who spent three separate periods of military service here, wrote at length on certain episodes in the first fifty years of Roman rule. As fate would have it, however, the chapters of his *Annals* that will have described the Claudian invasion of 43AD and the years following were lost in antiquity. Apart from a short and possibly somewhat inaccurate account by Dio Cassius and a few passing references by Suetonius, the story of the Roman invasion of Britain has therefore to be pieced together from archaeological evidence. It is not only fitting, but necessary, that a history of the Claudian invasion should be written by an archaeologist, and few British archaeologists have devoted so much of their time to the military history of Roman Britain as Graham Webster.

His book divides naturally into three parts: the preliminaries, appendices, and references; a discussion of the pre-conquest situation in Britain and events leading to the invasion; and an attempt to reconstruct both the course of the invasion and the military dispositions which immediately followed it. Nothing further need be said here of the first of these sections, although the references in particular form an essential part of the book for the student of Roman Britain.

After a short discussion of the sources of evidence (in which Suetonius should have received some attention), Dr Webster gives a brief and somewhat dated outline of prehistoric Britain and the history of the Celts, before providing a summary of Caesar's account of his expeditions of 55 and 54BC. He rightly draws attention to

the political motivations for these expeditions, and to Caesar's strategic and logistic errors, from which he was largely saved by his tactical brilliance. Some of the more intractable problems in interpreting Caesar's account—such as the whereabouts of both the kingdom and stronghold of his main opponent, Cassivellaunus—are considered further in the following chapter, which attempts to make some sense of British tribal and dynastic history in the century between Caesar and Claudius. Just as for many years it was assumed that Cassivellaunus was king of the Catuvellauni, now it is assumed (equally without good reason) that he was not, and Webster follows the current trend.

Once out of the Caesarian epoch, British history until 43 is largely reconstructed from the evidence of the distribution patterns of inscribed British coinage. There are explanations other than political and historical ones for these distributions, but even if Webster is right in ignoring them, it makes the task of interpreting them no easier. The study of British coinage in Britain is at present both confused and confusing, and likely to remain so, and Webster's chapter reflects current uncertainties. One does not emerge at the end of it with a clear, let alone convincing, historical sequence for this hundred-year period, but at least the distribution maps and the chart on page 42 present the basic data and one possible interpretation of them.

The most interesting of Webster's own contributions to the debate is the importance he attaches to Roman intervention in British affairs during the reign of Augustus, and to the influence of the policies of Caracalla and Tiberius (the heirs of the great king Claudius) in the years before 43. While there are a few scraps of evidence which support the former postulate there is none to support the latter.

Webster next sets the scene for the invasion itself by sketching a portrait of the opposing forces. That for the British is too brief to be entirely satisfactory, for both Caesar and Tacitus have important commentaries on warfare amongst the Celts in general and as practised by the British in particular. He also exaggerates the role of warfare in Celtic society—"the tribes went to war every year as a matter of course". Once Webster moves over to his own side, the Romans, things are different and we get a concise and authoritative assessment of their army as an instrument of conquest and suppression. This is followed by an entertaining but also useful account of some of the most neglected figures in the story of the invasion—the commanders and other prominent Romans who accompanied Claudius himself on his all too brief participation in the conquest.

With the scene set and the principal characters introduced, Webster can at last turn to the main act—the invasion itself. So many accounts have been written of this—all based, of necessity, on the single short account by Dio Cassius—that it would be unfair and unrealistic to expect anything very new from this one. But Webster does manage to produce two new and valuable insights into particular episodes of the campaign. The first is a skilful and convincing re-creation of the Roman attack across the River Medway. The second is an astute summing-up of both the short-term effects and the long-term results of the enforced Roman halt at the Thames, to await the arrival of Claudius. Had the Roman forces been allowed to cross the Thames and march on Colchester immediately, the conquest of Wales and the west might have been achieved within five years instead of thirty, and the shape of the province, with which the remainder of the book deals, might well have been very different.

As it was, the Romans established a frontier whose nature and location are still both very imperfectly understood, despite much research by Dr Webster and others. Similarly, the disposition of troops not only along but also within the first frontier is largely speculative in the present state of knowledge. In the fifty-five pages of Chapter Six, which form the real meat of this book, Webster offers his own theories as to what that disposition was. Arguing that one way of approaching the problem is to study the routes which the army would want to control, he identifies some thirty-eight of these and then predicts, on the basis of strategic and logistic considerations, the location of about one hundred and thirty forts. Recognizing that this is an ideal model and that, if only because Claudius's dispositions were dynamic rather than static, the actual and predicted dispositions will not always coincide, Webster provides a detailed résumé of the evidence for Roman military stations of the Claudian period within the new frontier. A series of excellent maps summarizes the results of his study, revealing that about a third of the pre-

dicted locations have not yet produced any evidence at all for a fort, while a fifth of the sites have been proven by excavation to be those of Claudian forts. Since the remaining fifty per cent of the sites include many (such as Ham Hill, Wiltshire, Ditchford and Canterbury) where evidence of an early fort exists and a Claudian date makes most sense, there is clearly some substance to the scheme suggested by Webster's model. Further excavations will certainly confirm more of the probable, but as Webster himself admits not all of the forts could have been occupied at once, and many of the predicted sites will not have been investigated by the army at any time for a variety of reasons.

Nevertheless, this is the first attempt to infer the dispositions from a theoretical model and it must be welcomed and seen as a qualified success. In addition, the chapter embodies much new and useful information for those who wish to pursue research further, and one can well imagine that Webster's maps, with the numerous "postulated" for—no evidence" symbols will spur many keen part-timers into the field to hunt down their own local "missing" fort.

Life in Luristan

By Roger Moore

CLARE GOFF:
An Archaeologist in the Making
Six Seasons in Iran
284pp. Constable. £9.95.
0 09 643380 0

Good books describing what an archaeological expedition is really like in Britain or Europe, let alone more distant places, are still surprisingly rare, despite how popular a subject archaeology now is with publishers. Rarest of all are such books written by the director of an excavation, and no one has written before with the degree of informality and engaging honesty, not least about herself, that Clare Goff shows here.

Her professional colleagues have long known that she was a novice member of that honoured band of dauntless British women who over the past three centuries have penetrated the remotest corners of the Near East in quest of knowledge and adventure. Until now they did not know that she was also at one with many of those predecessors in her skill with the landscape and of the people with and among whom she worked. Her book reads like an unusually lively set of letters to family and friends at home.

Even when Ms Goff is at her most irritated and frustrated, there shines through an indomitable spirit and a growing affection for the Lurs of Western Iran and their way of life. These, indeed, remain so strong a decade later as to leave a much more lasting impression on the reader than does her archaeological theme. It is the born traveller, sharp-eyed and ever curious, headstrong and courageous, resourceful and persistent, who wrote this book, rather than the archaeologist, though archaeology is the unifying theme.

In 1959, determined to escape the restraints of a privileged upbringing and a conventional university training as a historian, Ms Goff went to the Near East. At first she used her talents as a draughtsman on other people's excavations, when the more that she knew in the West of the realities of life in rural Iran the better, she has much to say that is of the greatest relevance and she says it unobtrusively, rarely swayed by nostalgia. Anyone who has been on such a Near Eastern excavation will be constantly reminded of similar situations and feelings; those who have not may be assured that this is how it is—though sadly it will be doubted whether anything will ever be quite the same again for expatriate archaeologists in Iran.

Good as Ms Goff's memory clearly is even without the support of the diary she occasionally quotes, the pace of the narrative is maintained by the anecdotes of life imaginatively reconstructed rather than literally reported which bring it all immediately before the reader's eye. At a time when the more that is known in the West of the realities of life in rural Iran the better, she has much to say that is of the greatest relevance and she says it unobtrusively, rarely swayed by nostalgia. Anyone who has been on such a Near Eastern excavation will be constantly reminded of similar situations and feelings; those who have not may be assured that this is how it is—though sadly it will be doubted whether anything will ever be quite the same again for expatriate archaeologists in Iran.

The submerged sort

By Norman Hammond

KEITH MUCKELROY (Ed):
Archaeology Under Water
192pp. McGraw-Hill. £11.95.
0 07 043951 6

Keith Muckelroy's tragic death last summer while investigating a Scottish crannog deprived Britain of its leading exponent of underwater archaeology, all too soon after his appointment as "Archaeologist" of the National Maritime Museum. This excellent and attractive book, must serve (together with his 1978 book *Maritime Archaeology*) as his memorial, but it is also a fascinating guide to the techniques and procedures of underwater archaeology, and a picture of the world of the submerged antiquary.

Muckelroy assembled an international group of specialists to cover shipwrecks as far afield as Western Australia and the Caribbean, as ancient as the Bronze Age and as modern as the eighteenth century; he also managed to get all of them to write succinct two-page essays on their particular topics, although a single author may well contribute a linked sequence of these. The illustrations include clear maps, simple (sometimes too sketchy) site plans, and some remarkably good photographs. The editor's own introductory section on the problems and techniques of underwater archaeology is outstanding.

The book's subtitle declares it to be "an atlas of the world's submerged sites", and successive sections deal with the Mediterranean, where George Bass first set the standards and showed the potential of the field at Cape Gelidonya; northern Europe, including the famous Viking ships of Scandinavia; and the Armada, wrecks off the Irish coast; the Americas after Columbus

and the East Indies trade after Vasco da Gama; and finally drowned settlements and harbours overtaken by rising sea levels, and the lake-villages and crannogs that always sat in or beside the still water of European lakes in the prehistoric and later periods.

There is throughout an awareness, and a condemnation from many of the authors, of the depredations of treasure-hunters; but as the cheering news that some of the poachers have turned gamekeeper, and found more satisfaction in investigating underwater sites than stripping them. In this maritime archaeology has proved itself more adept than its terrestrial counterpart where the treasure-hunting looter is today far too familiar (and dangerous) a figure.

Keith Muckelroy's final section on conservation and the public display and explanation of finds drives home the point that education breeds virtue. His book is likely to make a significant contribution to the format at least.

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Detailed applications including curriculum vitae and list of publications may be sent within a month to: Secretaris van de Centrale Interfaculteit, Mr. J. K. Galama, Roetersstraat 15, 1018 WB Amsterdam, the Netherlands, quoting number 4302. Persons who wish to submit the names of possible candidates (preferably with detailed information) are also requested to write to Mr. Van der Schoot.

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University of Bristol

A Library Systems Analyst

It is required to join SWALCAP which is based at Bristol University. The unit is self-financing and provides on-line circulation and cataloguing services to a growing number of libraries in Wales and South East England. The existing network configuration involves a Xerox 850 at the central site. A variety of terminals in each of the libraries served are linked via their own microcomputers to the central site. A DEC PDP 11/70 was delivered in November 1979 to provide additional capacity. Work has begun on the conversion and enhancement of existing software to run on the new computer. Library analysts are responsible for dealing with libraries in all aspects of the service and defining details of new features and services. With existing services being reviewed and enhanced as part of the transfer to the PDP 11/70 this is an ideal opportunity for involvement in design.

Applicants should be either qualified librarians or computer personnel. In both cases a minimum of one year's involvement in the design of computer based library systems is required. Salary will be according to age, qualification and experience on the scale £5,555 to £9,585 (under review). The University does not issue application forms. Application should be made by letter and should include the names and addresses of three referees. The letter should be accompanied by a curriculum vitae setting out date of birth, and in chronological order, details of education and subsequent career with qualifications and present salary, and previous appointments. Applications should be sent within fourteen days of the appearance of the advertisement to the Registrar and Secretary, University of Bristol, Senate House, Tynard Avenue, Bristol BS8 1TH quoting reference JPB. Additional enquiries regarding the post may be sent to SWALCAP, Villa Memorial Building, University of Bristol, Queens Road, Bristol BS8 1PL, or may be made by telephone to Paul Jordan on Bristol (0272) 24161 ext. 917.

TLS LIBRARIANS 103

County Librarian

Salary w.e.f. 1.4.81: £17,862 x £477 (3) - £19,293
Applications are invited for the post of County Librarian which will become vacant on 1st July 1981.

The County Librarian is a Chief Officer responsible to the Library and Leisure Committee for the County Council's library and museum services. Essential requirements for the post are appropriate qualifications, together with substantial and relevant management experience.

Further particulars of the post and application forms obtainable from:
The Chief Executive/Clerk of the County Council
(Ref: 60/JB), Christ Church Precinct,
County Hall, Preston, PR1 8XJ.
Closing date for receipt of applications: 7th April 1981.

TLS LIBRARIANS 105

LANCASHIRE
COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNCIL FOR NATIONAL
ACADEMIC AWARDS

LIBRARIAN (PART-TIME)

To work four mornings or afternoons per week. Duties will include the purchase, cataloguing and arrangement of the material of the Council's small reference library and the provision of an information service to the Council's officers. The Librarian will also advise an Officers' Steering Group on library policy. Applicants should be qualified librarians, and experience of work in an academic or special library would be an advantage. Salary scale: £2972-£5566 per annum (including London weighting (two rate for 14 hours per week). Further details and application form may be obtained from:

Assistant Secretary (Personnel)
C.N.A.A.
344/284 Gray's Inn Road
London WC1R 5HP
Tel 01-579 4411
Closing date: 6 April 1981

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LIBRARIANS

NORTHUMBERLAND
COUNTY LIBRARY
ASSISTANT
LIBRARIAN

WANSBECK AREA
Librarian's Grade (£25,918-£25,801) with effect from 1 April 1981

This post is one of a team of qualified librarians who are responsible for seven libraries with a bookstock of 136,000 and issues of 946,000 a year, serving a population of 61,000.

Applicants should be Chartered librarians who will be paid £25,285 but applications will be considered from librarians who have completed professional examinations but are not yet chartered.

Further details and application forms obtainable from the County Librarian, County Central Library, The Willows, Morpeth, Northumberland NE81 1TA, returnable by 8 April 1981.

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ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Required to undertake a general duties in both the Medical Library of the Royal Free Hospital, Hampstead and in the Medical School at Hunter Street in the City. Salary £6,097 to £23,072 inclusive. 35 days leave, including public and customary days, 35 hour week, annual season ticket. Applications should be sent to the School of Medicine, 119, Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0LP. Telephone 01-582 1011 ext 10. Closing date 3rd April, 1981.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART

The college library has a vacancy for an ASSISTANT with previous relevant experience. The duties of the post are of wide-ranging interest, including daily contact with staff and students in the College. The salary will be within the range £4,243 to £6,864 p.a. depending on qualifications and experience to the R.C.A. scale. Details of application procedure and application form may be obtained from the Librarian, Royal College of Art, Kensington Gore, London SW7 2BU. L103

Librarian Appointments

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John Co. 11.16